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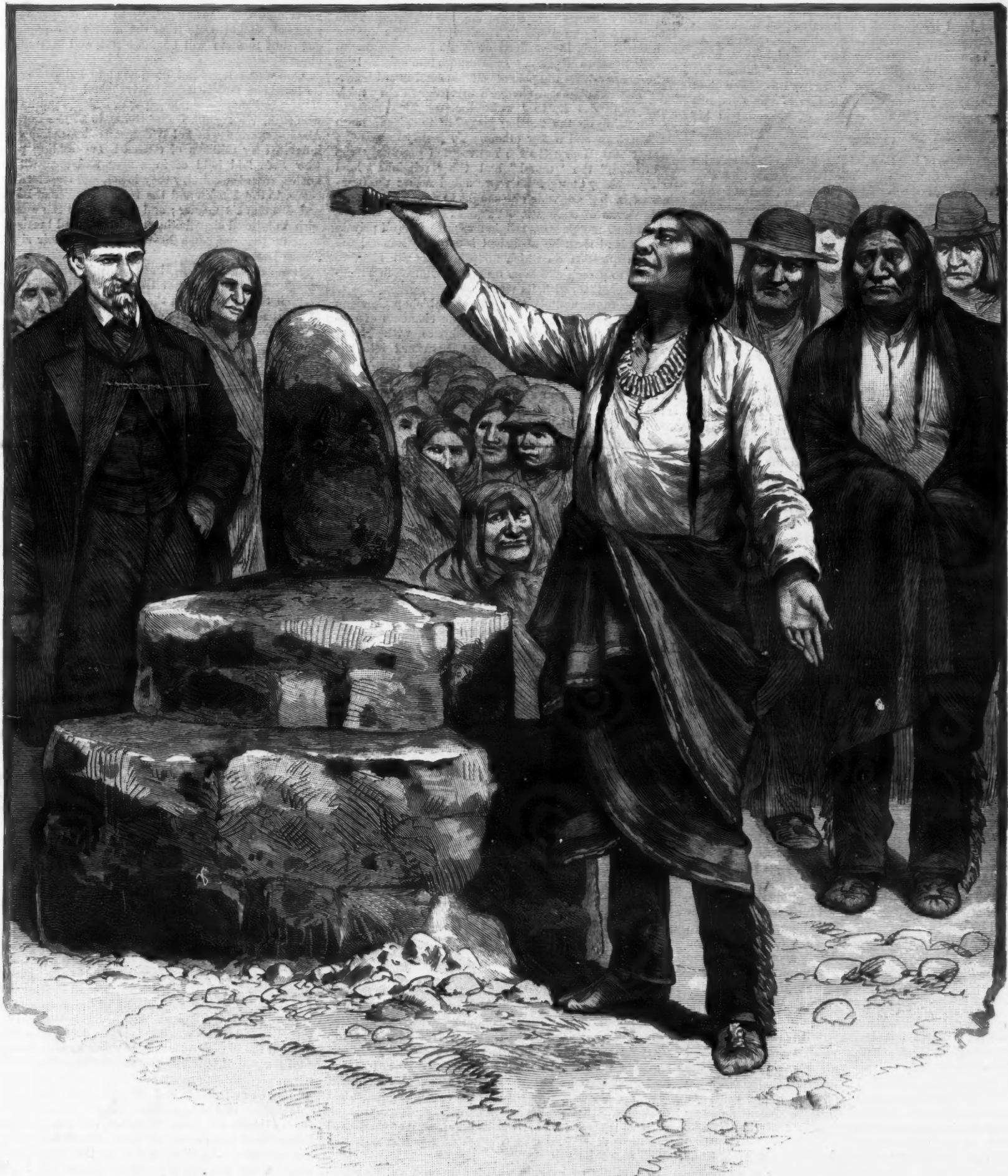
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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DAKOTA.—A CURIOUS INDIAN CEREMONY AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY—THE SIOUX CHIEF "FIRE CLOUD" DEDICATING THE SACRED STANDING ROCK TO PEACE AND PLENTY.

FROM A PHOTO. BY BARRY.—SEE PAGE 390.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1887.

POORLY PAID PUBLIC SERVICE.

GENERAL LOGAN died a poor man. He had devoted the best part of his life to the public service. He had held high offices, and it is possible that, had he lived, he might have held the highest in the gift of the American people. He was a man of brains, indomitable energy and apparently inexhaustible capacity for work. His personality was strong enough to make him a central figure in national politics. These qualities would have told in any calling. In law or in business his activity, perseverance and mental power would have given him a prominent place. This place would have brought to him large material rewards. He might have enjoyed one of the great legal incomes of the country; he might have been a drygoods prince or a millionaire pork-packer. As it was, his ability gained for him the highest elective office save two, and with these exceptions political life could give him no greater pecuniary rewards. Few men rise so high; and yet the compensation of this office was scarcely sufficient for the support of himself and his family, and he died, like many other honest public servants, a poor man.

The founders of the Republic held that official salaries should not be a temptation. Their theory was, that men should serve their country from patriotism, and not from love of gain. But their desire to prevent enrichment by means of public station has led to results which were not contemplated. Every man owes certain duties to himself and to his family, and to-day the honest poor man can seldom afford to enter public life. There are the expenses of election, and, if elected, most of the salaries are inadequate, or provide nothing more than a very modest sustenance. In other callings, men of brains know that they can win substantial rewards. It is humiliating, but true, that the ill-paid public service demands a sacrifice greater than can be rightfully asked. It follows, therefore, that the elective offices are falling more and more generally into the hands of the wealthy. Men who have made and secured their fortunes round out their careers with such honors as are contained in a term or two in the House or Senate. A seat in the Senate is rarely filled by a poor man. Every year the Senatorial contests become more bitter, and the demands of "practical" politicians become greater. Every year the Senatorial candidate's campaign grows more elaborate and more costly. Candidacy means the expenses of "headquarters," lobbyists, runners, persuaders, dinners, "heelers" and even detectives. At present this very performance is in progress on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts and in the interior. Of necessity only a long purse can compass a Senatorial seat. It seems to be, too often, an auction where the highest bidder wins.

There will come, we believe, a strong reaction against the present paramount influence of wealth in public life. There must be a return to the theory that public office is open to poor or rich. It is a question of growing importance whether public service should not be placed upon a level, as regards compensation, with other callings. An increase in official salaries would meet with many objections, but it is only by an increase that men of moderate means will be enabled to enter office. Another remedial measure is to remove the patronage, the lust for which now increases the expenses of elections. The revelations of "practical politics," as exemplified in the Rice-Cregan case in New York city, show that "spoils" are really at the bottom of the evil. If Congressmen should lose their power of patronage, if all offices were put under Civil Service Reform rules, there would be less costly activity on the part of workers and "heelers," for they manipulate political affairs simply to make what they can out of candidates, either in offices or cash. Moreover, the State might take the responsibility of distributing ballots here in New York, and the candidate be prevented by official scrutiny from expending money. There are many things which might be done to help open the doors of public life to comparatively poor men, but one of the most important is an increase in public salaries.

THE CASE OF DR. MCGLYNN.

HENRY GEORGE'S statement of the case of Dr. McGlynn, in the *Standard*, is shrewdly conceived for sensational purposes, and well calculated to sell the first issue of his paper, and to keep his name before the public. It does not seem designed to promote Dr. McGlynn's interests as a priest, Henry George's success as a politician, or the prosperity either of the Catholic Church or the Labor Party.

In the fundamentals George is wrong and Archbishop Corrigan is right. In the superficialities of mere controversy George is passionate, intemperate, impolite, and sometimes unscrupulous, but keen and cutting, while the Archbishop exhibits more discernment, suavity and dignity in his silence than George in his lampoon. George is shrewd in blending the Irish land question—which is one of foreign landlordism originating in sectarian con-

quest and confiscation—with the question whether land shall be owned by private persons individually or by the state socially. The latter is George's land theory, and it has no direct relation to the Irish land question whatever. Yet he courts all the wind that blows against Irish landlordism to fill his sails in his assault on private title to land, whereas most of those who desire to buy out the Irish landlords wish to do so in order to make each Irish peasant the owner of the land he tills, and not to carry out any scheme of state socialism. Archbishop Corrigan might, therefore, be strongly opposed to the existing system of landlordism in Ireland without having any sympathy with George's notion that property of any kind can only be owned by its creator.

Archbishop Corrigan is right in the view that if Dr. McGlynn has found a new faith superior to Catholicism, he should throw off the vestments of a priest before he proceeds to preach it. For it is Dr. McGlynn's position as parish priest of one of the largest churches in the city, and this only, not his experience as a politician or learning as an economist, that gives weight to his words; and that was relied upon to give votes to Henry George. All that Henry George says concerning the limitation of the Infallibility of the Pope to spiritual teachings applies with equal force to the doctrine of the reverence due to Dr. McGlynn as a priest. It is due to him only so long as he keeps within the pale of religious and moral teaching. It was sought in George's campaign, as a weekly paper expresses it, to "work the religious racket" by "drawing on the floating piety" of the city through Dr. McGlynn and a few others. To justify this, it was claimed that Henry George represented peculiarly the "Christian," the "moral" and the "religious" land theory. Many thought he represented rather the practices of barbarism, which he sought to propose as a cure for the evils of civilization.

Whether morals and religion require that all private titles to land shall be abolished is certainly a moral and religious question on which no priest has the right to continue to preach within an organized Church in a manner that conflicts with its views.

In the fundamentals, therefore, Archbishop Corrigan and the Catholic Church represent the elements of perpetuity and durability. They compare with Henry George as the mountain reaching downward into the heart of the earth and upward into the heights of heaven compares with the transient cloud that rattles off its little thunderstorm against its sides. The mountain is not affected by the lightning, even when it strikes. But woe be to that climber of the mountain-slopes who calls in the aid of lightning to aid him in the ascent.

BISMARCK TO THE REICHSTAG.

IT must be admitted that Prince Bismarck has a way of speaking his mind without much regard to the rules of courtesy, or, indeed, to those of decency. One of the most specious and effective commonplaces in favor of the monarchical and aristocratic forms of government is, that they maintain a high standard of personal dignity and good-breeding, and radiate refinement as the sun does light. The scene in the Reichstag on Tuesday of last week is a bitter commentary on this pretension. When the opponents of personal government point to King Louis XIV. threatening the Parliament of Paris with whip in hand, and to Charles I. tearing out the records from the Journal of the House, they are reminded, not unfairly, that these things happened two hundred and fifty years ago, in a world as yet unfamiliar with the idea of political freedom. There has been great progress, it is said, since the day when such things were possible; and already, before the year 1887 is a month old, the Prime Minister of a great empire is not ashamed to address the Parliament, the supreme legislative body of a cultivated and enlightened people, in tones of insolent command, such as no self-respecting employer would think of using to the men he hires by the day. "Do you believe," he says, "that the Federal Council will deviate from their original proposal? . . . If you do not speedily satisfy the wishes of the Federal Government regarding the defensive powers of Germany, by complete acceptance of the Bill, then we prefer to deal with another Reichstag. We will enter into no further negotiations with you . . . Now, this shall not be."

The Bill which caused this explosion was the Government Bill for the addition of 41,000 soldiers for a term of seven years to the peace establishment of the Empire. There was no very daring revolt on the part of the Reichstag—only a protest against the term of service, which the Opposition members wished to have fixed at three years. Even this, however, smacked too little of the obedient spirit which Bismarck and the Crown Prince, agreeing for once in their lives, equally regard as the first of all German virtues, and the Chancellor bestowed upon the Imperial Diet a measure of his indignation and contempt. It is gratifying to know that, despite his imperious menaces, the Reichstag subsequently adopted the three-years' limitation, though at the cost of immediate dissolution.

Despising so heartily what is supposed to be a representative body of Germans, it is not strange that Bismarck shows a cynical disregard for the rights and the fate of other peoples. He tells Austria plainly enough that she is useful to Germany for certain ends, but less useful than Russia, and must expect, therefore, to move at her own peril in any action taken on behalf of Bul-

garia; for, as he asks with a brutal indifference to the righteous public opinion of the world, "What is Bulgaria to us?" In those few passages of his speech which have less of the accent of command, Bismarck touches on the sacredness of the Fatherland, the defense of the nation and the duty of patriotism; and he contrasts the lukewarm sentiment of the Germans with the vital ardor of patriotism in France and Italy, where men forget their dissensions in the face of a national peril. German patriots are not so cold-blooded as the great Chancellor declares them to be; but if they are less single-hearted and less devoted than Frenchmen and Italians, the reason is not far to seek. France and Italy are free nations. Frenchmen and Italians call no man master; and when their representatives meet in Parliament to deliberate on national affairs, each man utters fearlessly the thought that is in him, no matter whom it may offend. This is not Prince Bismarck's idea of parliamentary duty, but it is the true ideal. It will always be found among freemen, and nowhere else; and freemen need no ghost to tell them why nations whose mouths are closed by force are at times to be reproached with want of patriotism. It is, nevertheless, somewhat galling to the temper that the reproach should come from the master who applies the gag; but masters will be masterful, and servants must obey.

One virtue must not be denied to Prince Bismarck; he has been and is consistently brutal. "Is there," he asks, "in France a single paper or a single public person who says, We renounce our rights to Alsace-Lorraine?" Alsace-Lorraine was not a desert land. It was a region inhabited by millions of civilized, law-abiding persons, who were laid hold of in a mass and torn, with their homes, from the country they loved, and transferred, like cattle, to the domain and the tender mercies of Bismarck and Bismarck's master; and he who did the work asks, with an injured air, whether the fathers and brothers and sons of these persons have renounced their rights to Alsace-Lorraine?

It is easy to defy men, but Justice is pitiless; and Bismarck may live to recall the truth, so forcibly put by Horace, that Retribution, though with halting step, rarely fails to overtake the evil-doer.

REMOVING THE WAR TAXES.

MR. RANDALL'S Bill for the total repeal of the internal revenue tax system would do much, if passed, to lessen the power of the liquor-producing oligarchy of distillers and brewers over national politics. It would especially lessen the volume of money they would put up to influence the selection of candidates in the National and Congressional Conventions of both parties. Many persons seem not to be aware of the fact that the more directly the National Government is maintained out of the taxes on distilling and brewing, the more nearly will the distillers and brewers be partners in running the Government. All must know, however, that the chief political effect of the internal revenue laws is to make large capitals and confidential political influence necessary to success in distilling, and hence to create a close monopoly in favor of a few great and rich distilling firms which are in active alliance with the practical politicians of both parties. The men who chiefly want the tax continued are members of these firms, in whose favor it acts as a high fence to protect their monopoly. While they seem at first to pay the tax, it would be found in practice that they merely bring to bear the political influence which will extend the time of payment until the commodity gets into the hands of the retailer, who pays it when he makes his purchase.

National and Congressional Conventions involve a heavy expenditure of money, and this money must, as a rule, be got from those who will make money out of the investment, and these are chiefly the distillers. The same influence works in the same way here as in Russia, where, under the Czar Nicholas, the positive ban of the Government was laid on the temperance reform movement, on the ground that it would diminish the revenues of the Government, which were derived chiefly from taxes like ours on liquors and tobacco. No Government can derive the chief part of its revenues from the liquor interest without being largely run by that interest.

Mr. Hiscock's Bill proposes to take off the internal revenue tax from all distilled spirits used in manufacturing medicinal compounds not used as beverages, and also from all spirits used in general manufactures and the mechanic arts. For this purpose they are allowed to be "mythylated" after the fashion of the English revenue system, by having naphtha injected into them to destroy their flavor. He repeals the taxes on tobacco in all forms, reduces the import duty on raw sugar to seven-tenths of a cent per pound, and substitutes a bounty of \$2 on "every ton of beets or sugar-cane raised by any farmer or planter in the United States and manufactured into sugar"—irrespective of the quantity of sugar obtained from the ton of beets or cane. Whether the bounty system is better than the system of protective duties, is one serious question; and whether if it be, the bounty should be paid on the tonnage of beets or cane produced or on the quantity of sugar produced, is another.

When the State of Michigan offered a bounty of ten cents a bushel on salt, the salt was produced so fast the State had to repeal the law to avoid bankrupting the Treasury. To offer a stated price per ton to 60,000,000 of people to produce beets and cane, without regard to the



quantity of sugar that should be made from them, might result in the Government getting a deal more "beeting" and "caning" than would be altogether sweet to it. The Treasury might find itself in the position of the boy that went digging for snakes, and dug up more than he could put into his basket.

Germany only pays a rebate on the export of beet sugar, the rebate being rated according to the assumed weight of beets required to produce a given weight of sugar. Owing to improvements in the processes of making sugar, this rebate has become a bounty, and is rapidly rising to the point where it will draw out of the Treasury more than the tax on beets pays into it.

#### THE COAL-HANDLERS' STRIKE.

IT makes very little difference who is to blame for the coal-handlers' strike, now in progress. The companies may or may not have been justified in reducing wages from 22½ to 20 cents an hour, and the workmen had a right to refuse to accept the lower rate if they didn't think it high enough, and to remain idle as long as they please, provided always that they do not interfere with the right of other people to work in their places, or threaten or injure the property of their late employers. These are questions which the parties to the conflict must decide for themselves, but they ought to decide them with the consequences ever before them.

It is a serious matter to stop or check the supply of one of the necessities of life to a great city—to a whole section of the country. A long continuance of the coal-handlers' strike would not only cause severe hardship to hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of poor people, many of whom, buying their fuel in very small quantities, have already been required to pay twice the former price, but would stop the wheels of industry in many of the great manufacturing centres of the East and cause the enforced idleness, in midwinter, of whole populations. In some countries such an interference with the supply of one of the prime necessities would not be tolerated, and here, while it is one of our fundamental principles that the utmost freedom shall be allowed in making contracts for labor, the time will come, and come speedily, if such strikes continue to be as frequent in the future as they have been in the recent past, when government will have to interfere for the protection of a whole community from inconvenience, and suffering, even, resulting from these private controversies between capital and labor.

We do not know how this will be brought about—whether by the creation of boards of arbitration having the power to enforce their decrees, or by giving to the courts, on the petition of any one who is made to suffer by strikes, authority to set the clogged wheels of industry in motion under such conditions as they may decide just and proper; but we do know that the people will not very long consent to have their supply of bread or meat or fuel cut off while a quarrel is in progress over the wages that shall be paid for producing it or bringing it to market.

#### NEW YORK STATE PRISONS.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of State Prisons in New York, just submitted to the Legislature, brings to notice questions requiring instant and careful consideration. Owing to the abolition of the contract system and the persistent neglect of the Legislature to provide a substitute therefor, a large number of prisoners, sentenced for longer or shorter terms to "hard labor," have been reduced to a condition of idleness; and if this neglect is continued, the whole body will be placed in the same condition at no distant day. The support of more than 3,000 prisoners in this way would impose a needless and unendurable burden upon the taxpayers, besides rendering abortive and hopeless every effort to reform the prisoners themselves. Idleness puts virtue itself to a hard strain; how, then, can it be endured by men whose moral constitution is weakened by vice and crime?

We have never been able to see the reasonableness of dooming prisoners to idleness, with all its attending evils, on the ground that if they are set to work the products of their labor must be sold in competition with those of honest laborers. That every reasonable effort should be made to reduce this competition to the lowest possible minimum may be readily admitted; but we insist that the prisoner has a right to demand employment, while the State has a right in some shape to market the products of his labor, and this not in the interest of a class, but of the whole people. The competition complained of is far less injurious to the laboring classes than the increased taxation that would be required to keep prisoners in idleness.

There is a vast deal of demagogical rant just now afloat upon this subject. It has muddled the heads of many well-meaning legislators, and given to aspiring politicians a topic which they have not been slow to employ in their own selfish interest, enabling them, as it does, to pose as the special champions of the laboring classes. Their appeals, *ad captandum vulgus*, should be disregarded by the Legislature, which should promptly provide some way of keeping the prisoners of the State at work for their own support and the benefit of the public. The Superintendent of Prisons presents the whole subject in a very clear light, and offers suggestions that may be safely followed.

#### HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY.

MR. JOHN ROACH experienced the common fate of men who do business with the Government of the United States. He was looked upon, and often treated, in Washington, with suspicion. Because he took large contracts for building and repairing ships and constructing marine engines for the Navy Department—contracts which in some cases no one else in the country was prepared to compete with him for; because he asked Congress to pay him for carrying the mails to South American ports such fair compensation as would enable him to make his Brazilian line of steamers profitable, although it was small aid when compared with the generous subsidies paid by European Governments to steamship lines with which his was in direct competition; because, in short, he possessed greater mechanical genius, more business courage and enterprise, than others engaged in similar undertakings, he was vilified as a "swindling contractor," denounced as a "subsidy-hunter," and set down in Congress and in the departments as one whose dishonest schemes were to be exposed and circumvented. It is true that in the past fifteen years his detractors were never able to put their fingers upon any specific dishonorable act, and that he fulfilled his engagements with the Government according to their letter and spirit, which is more than can be said of the Government's dealings with him; yet these facts did not remove the suspicion, nor prevent a respectable newspaper of this city from saying editorially, after his death, that, "considered apart from his

enterprises as a Government contractor, the life of Mr. Roach appears to be wholly admirable." What was there about those enterprises that was not admirable?

There is an air about Washington that ought not to exist at the Capital of the Great Republic. The vast concerns of the Government overshadow everything else, and people in the departments, and even members of Congress, are prone to forget that the public business is of secondary importance to, and the servant of, the great private concerns of the country. The one is a necessary evil, consuming the wealth of the people; the others add to its substance. The great captain of industry, therefore, when he visits Washington, as John Roach frequently did, to arrange for work which the Government could not itself do as well or as cheaply, ought to be received with as much consideration as is accorded to the successful politician. Instead of being looked upon with suspicion, and dealt with as one who probably has designs upon the Government, he should be honored as the man who, scornful to live at the public expense and to make no permanent returns to the country for what he receives, does more than cause two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.

John Roach, no doubt, desired to make the work he did for the Government profitable. That was a proper and honorable ambition. It was necessary in order to preserve his ability to do such work at all. But, we believe, he had the further ambition to build as good ships and engines as were made anywhere, and he had the satisfaction in more than one instance of knowing that his success met with official recognition in quarters where he had reason to look for nothing more than simple justice. And this ambition is evidence of just as pure patriotism as that displayed by the politician who plans and intrigues to serve his country in high station and for a large salary.

The boy who, at the age of thirteen years, had to make his own way in a strange land, and without the aid of influential friends, and who in his later years had the satisfaction of standing alone as the most successful of iron steamship builders and one of the leading business men of his day and country, will be remembered long after the petty politicians who, for their own selfish purposes, attempted to destroy his good name are forgotten.

#### SLEEPING-CAR LAW.

THE full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has made a decision which all travelers in sleeping-cars will hail with satisfaction. Two gentlemen having been robbed while asleep in a car of the New York Palace Company, sued the company for damages. The company denied its responsibility, but the court laid down the principle that when a sleeping-car company sells a ticket, it implicitly promises to furnish "safe and comfortable cars," and to take all reasonable precautions for the protection of the purchaser's money and other valuables. The language of the court is emphatic and unequivocal:

"The liability must be ascertained by applying to the new condition of things the comprehensive and elastic principles of the common law. When a person buys the right to the use of a berth in a sleeping-car, it is entirely clear that the ticket which he receives is not intended to, and does not, express all the terms of the contract into which he enters. Such ticket, like the ordinary railroad ticket, is little more than a symbol. A sleeping-car company holds itself out to the world as furnishing safe and comfortable cars, and when it sells a ticket it implicitly stipulates to do so. The law raises the duty on the part of the car company to afford protection. While it is not liable as a common carrier or as an innholder, yet it is its duty to use reasonable means to guard the passenger from theft; and if, through want of such care, the personal effects of a passenger, such as he might reasonably carry with him, are stolen, the company is liable for it."

This is certainly good sense, and if not good law, deserves to be made such by every legislative body. The individual traveler has no power, in such a case, of self-protection, but it is in the power of the company to make such regulations as will, except in very extraordinary cases, insure his safety. Moreover, the price of the ticket is high enough, in all conscience, to warrant the company in assuming this responsibility. The necessary safeguards may be provided by the company without any great additional expense, whereas it is impossible that they should be provided by travelers themselves. To acquit the company of its obligations in this particular is to invite thieves and robbers to make sleeping-cars special objects of criminal attention, and to facilitate the operations of dishonest porters, who are likely enough to be the confederates of outside robbers. The sleeping-car companies should be given to understand that it is their duty to make careful arrangements for the security of their passengers from incursions of thieves, and that the failure on their part to do this will make them liable for any loss that may be incurred.

THE re-election of General Joseph R. Hawley as United States Senator from Connecticut secures to the country the continued services of one of the most upright, courageous and capable Republicans now in public life. General Hawley is one of the few men who have dignified every position to which they have been called. As a soldier, as a Representative in Congress, as Governor of his State, and as a Senator, he has not only displayed capacities of a high order, but an enlightened independence and a fidelity to conscience which are only too rare among public men holding pronounced political convictions. His State has honored itself in again recognizing his eminent services.

THE Empire State makes a grand showing in the matter of charitable work. The total expenditures of State, county, municipal and private institutions for charitable purposes during the past year amounted to \$12,027,990. The number of persons in the custody and care of these various institutions on October 1st, 1886, was 63,335, of whom 13,538 were insane and 20,549 orphan and dependent children. In addition to this, the sum of \$2,636,612 was expended for support of the poor in county and city almshouses. The returns of the superintendents of the poor and other proper officers show that the whole number of indoor paupers in the State during the past year was 68,529. The number of outdoor paupers reported temporarily relieved during the year was 49,144.

THE Tucker substitute for the Edmunds Anti-polygamy Bill, just passed by the House of Representatives, is by far the most radical measure on this subject that has ever been enacted by Congress. Besides making the lawful husband or wife of a polygamist a competent witness, and providing for a registration of all marriages in Utah, it abolishes woman suffrage and provides for a secret ballot in elections. It also dissolves the financial corporations known as the Church of Latter Day Saints and the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, and directs that their affairs be wound up by process of court. It disbands the militia of the Territory and the Nauvoo Legion, disfranchises polygamists and provides for the appointment by the President of county and probate court judges and selectmen, and by the Governor of justices of

peace, sheriffs, constables, etc. While polygamy is the most offensive feature of Mormonism, it is not the most dangerous, and it is really encouraging that Congress is at last recognizing this fact, and striking a blow at the system that, if allowed to continue to extend itself, is in danger of wiping out a republican form of government not only in Utah, but in several adjoining Territories. It is to be hoped that the refusal of the Senate to concur in the House substitute may yet be reconsidered.

IN the organization of the New York Board of Education, the two ladies recently appointed as members have been given places on some of the most important committees, where their intelligence and experience will be especially valuable. It is to the credit of the Board that these two accomplished ladies have been most cordially welcomed in the sphere of public duty for which they are exceptionally qualified; and we have no doubt that the results of the experiment initiated by the late Mayor will amply justify the wisdom and sagacity which inspired it.

EX-JUDGE NOAH DAVIS made one apparently good suggestion at the Cooper Institute meeting of employees on the 10th of January. He thought that Wednesday should be made the legal pay-day instead of Saturday, because, as things now are, the workman leaves a large part of his week's wages in the drinking-place. This suggestion met with applause. It does not seem to have occurred to Judge Davis, or to those who supported him, that the workman leaves his money in the drinking-place, not because he is paid on Saturday, but because he is a helpless sensualist, and has no moral fibre. If a man has no self-respect, you may pay him when you please, with a perfect certainty that he will squander his money in vicious indulgence; and to change the pay-day in order to make him moral is like putting a bolt on the door to keep the wind from blowing down the chimney.

THE Mormon missionaries who have been for two years or more operating in Tennessee seem, at last, to have provoked the authorities to the adoption of drastic measures. A year ago the Legislature passed a law making it a felony to preach the doctrine of polygamy, the punishment being fixed at two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$500. This law having been defied by the proselytizing elders in certain secluded neighborhoods, it is now proposed to enact another, making it unlawful for any person to teach or promulgate polygamous doctrine, publicly or privately, or to bring into the State any books or papers advocating the same, and providing that violators of the Act shall be confined at hard labor in the penitentiary for not less than three nor more than eight years. If this Act shall become a law, and be resolutely enforced, there can scarcely be a doubt that the polygamous abomination will be swept entirely from the State.

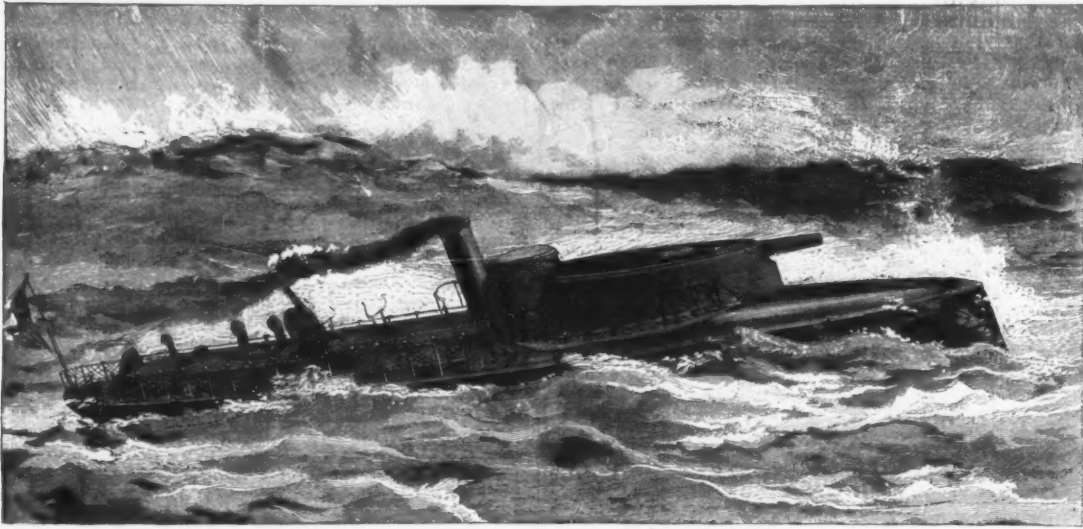
THE Jacksonian celebrations in New York, Boston and the West have passed off with fewer discordant voices than might have been expected. In Boston, President Cleveland was likened to an ideal Jackson, and it was pointed out that he was elected upon a Civil Service Reform platform, that the Democrats for twenty-five years had been pledging themselves not to revolutionize the offices, and that the President was honestly endeavoring to carry out the professions of Democratic platforms. In New York, the editor of the *Sun* bitterly assailed Civil Service Reform, but the Administration found eloquent friends here as in the West. It is evident that, despite the discontent of some of the Bourbons and politicians, a few of the "war horses" have been listening to the people, and have come to the opinion that Cleveland's popular strength is not to be disregarded. It is apparent that he has gained the ill-will of many politicians, but the speeches at the Jacksonian banquets seldom indicate a willingness to lead a revolt within the party.

TWO NOTABLE instances of attempted revolution by fraud have lately been engaging the attention of the country. In New Jersey an effort was made to organize, in an irregular way, by the votes of members not entitled to seats, the lower branch of the Legislature in the interest of Governor Abbott's candidacy for the United States Senatorship; and in Indiana, the President *pro tem* of the last Senate, in violation of the Constitution of the State, and backed by the Democrats, called the Senate to order and presided over its organization, usurping the place of the Lieutenant-governor, in the interest also of the candidate of his party for the United States Senate. In each instance the object was to accomplish an end which, it was feared, could not be accomplished by proceeding in an orderly and legal manner—to overturn in certain particulars the sovereignty of the people. Surely, as to all practices of this sort, it is time to call a halt. The man, or the set of men, who should, by force and arms, attempt to prevent the legislative or executive branch of a State government, elected and returned according to the forms of law, from exercising its legal functions, and to place in office men who were not the choice of the people, would be arrested for treason, tried for treason, and, if the revolutionary movement went far enough, hanged for treason. The crime in this instance would be an effort to deprive the people of the right to govern themselves through officers of their own choice. Is it any the less an invasion of the liberties of the people, an actual overthrow of free government by fraud?

WITH the exception of Russia, there is, perhaps, no country in Europe where industrial depression is now felt so keenly as in England. An apparently well-informed London correspondent estimates the number of *bona fide* workmen out of employment in that city at from 80,000 to 100,000, "not including workwomen," and he is of the opinion that in other English and Scotch cities the number is "at least equally large, if not much larger, in proportion to the population; while in some of the manufacturing and mining districts the unemployed number from 40 to 90 per cent. of the whole working classes." In the rural districts the sufferings of the unemployed are also reported as intense. Several large landowners have reduced the rents voluntarily. Others have granted reductions, either because they have been requested to do so, or because they perceive the impossibility of collecting the full amount due. But these concessions of themselves will scarcely relieve, to any great extent, the misery which has overtaken the day laborers, for a great many of whom there is no work in the winter season. How to deal with this periodic industrial stagnation and to prevent its recurrence is recognized by the economists themselves as a problem not easy of solution. It is one, however, that is day by day forcing itself upon the attention of statesmen. For, notwithstanding the improved condition of the English laboring classes during the past fifty years, arising from better sanitary conditions, the protection of women and children by the Factory Acts, the legalization of trades unions, the extension of the electoral franchise, etc., England is now confronted with a glutted market and hosts of idle mechanics on the one hand, and a declining condition of agriculture with an impoverished rural population on the other.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



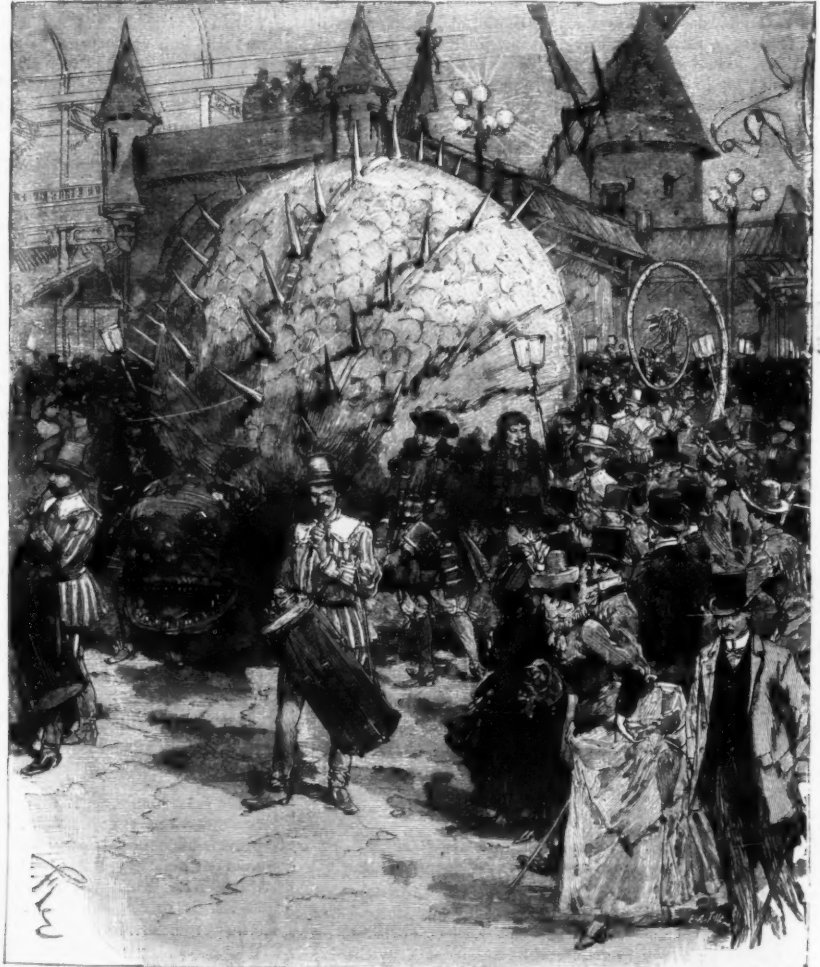
FRANCE.—THE NEW GUNBOAT "GABRIEL CHARMES."



ENGLAND.—THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH  
(SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE).



SOUTH AMERICA.—A STEEP DESCENT IN THE CORDILLERAS.



FRANCE.—THE PROVENÇAL FÊTES AT PARIS—PROMENADE OF THE TARASQUE.



FRANCE.—MUZZLING AND BRANDING THE BULL-CALVES OF CAMARGUE, IN THE RHONE DELTA.



## THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

**T**HE organization of the New Jersey Assembly at Trenton, on Tuesday of last week, was enlivened—and disgraced—by a tumult and struggle in which strategy was reinforced by physical violence. The Democrats had 32 out of 60 members, counting two Labor Reformers, and leaving out Turley, of Camden, whose certificate rested on a fraudulent recount, and Walter, of Mercer, in whose district there was a tie. They held their caucus in the Assembly Chamber. The Labor

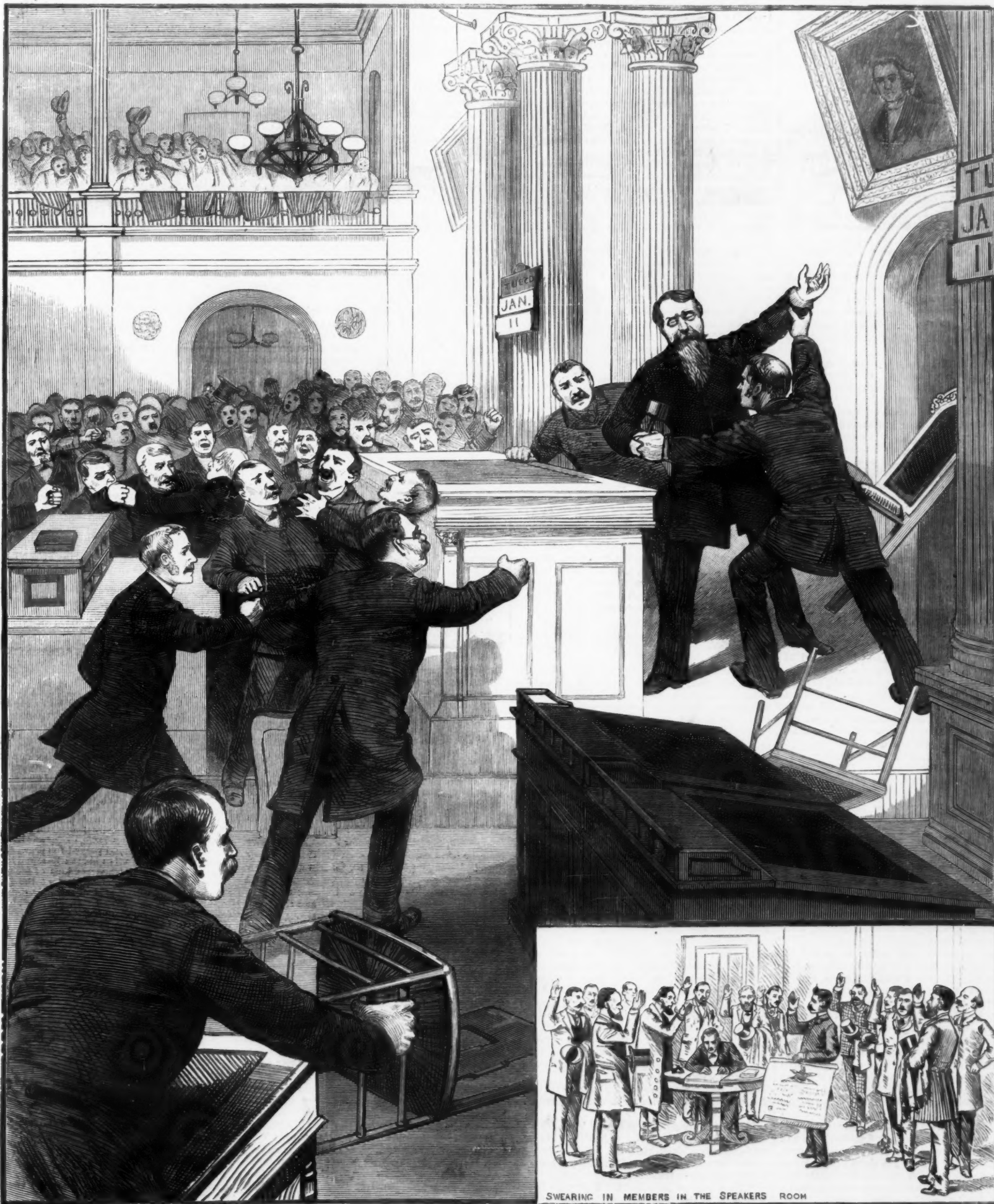
recognition denied, three members withdrew from the caucus and refused to return.

The Republicans waited until 3:40 P. M., and then insisted upon admittance to the Assembly Chamber. After some delay the doors were opened, and they entered. The Democrats still protested, whereupon a great tumult arose. Trenton policemen were called in and forcibly ejected two or three Republicans. One of the officers said: "I am here by the order of the Governor of New Jersey." Quiet was at last restored, and the Republicans, under the lead of ex-Speaker Armstrong

to each of the thirty other members. Thus every requirement of law and precedent was carefully followed. The members then proceeded to organize the House according to law, Dr. Wm. M. Baird, one of the three Democrats, being chosen Speaker, and sworn in by Assemblyman Charles E. Hill, of Newark.

Meanwhile the Democrats in the Assembly Chamber went on with their caucus, little suspecting the mine which was about to be sprung upon them. Finally, about five o'clock, they saw fit to adjourn, and were proceeding to do so, when

cratic caucus, was still there. As he saw Baird approach he made a clutch for the gavel. Baird also seized it, and a test of strength at once ensued. In the struggle they fell over the Speaker's chair and went sprawling down from the elevated dais. The galleries had filled up again, and the crowd took sides as they might at a wrestling match. "Give it to him, Beckwith!" and, "Slug him, Baird!" could be distinguished among the din of noises. The Assemblymen began to rush forward and a general fight was imminent, when some thoughtful member moved to



NEW JERSEY.—TURBULENT SCENES AT THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, JANUARY 11TH.  
A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

members upon whom the Democrats relied refused to attend. The Republicans, 26 in number, met in the Senate Chamber. Their caucus closed about 3 o'clock P. M., the time for convening the Legislature; but the Democrats still held the fort in the Assembly Chamber. The Democratic caucus had not been harmonious, the rural members having "kicked" upon discovering an apparent tendency on the part of the city representatives to capture all the offices at the Assembly's disposal. Finding all their claims to

and Mr. Corbin, withdrew to the Speaker's Room, just back of the Chamber. Thither they were soon followed by the two Labor members, and then by Arnwine, Baird and Wolverson, the bolting Democrats. This made thirty-one members, or just a majority of the full House. Mr. Hutchinson was chosen chairman. The members presented their credentials, and the oath of office was administered to ex-Speaker Armstrong by Assemblyman Corbin, of Union, as Master in Chancery. Mr. Armstrong then in turn administered the oath

the door of the Speaker's Room opened, and ex-Speaker Armstrong filed out, followed by twenty-five other Republican Assemblymen, the two Labor representatives, and the three Democratic bolters. They announced that, as a quorum of the Assembly, they had organized that body for the session.

This bomb had scarcely burst in the Democratic camp, when Dr. Baird, who had been elected Speaker by the combination, proceeded to take the chair. But Chairman Beckwith, of the Demo-

adjourn, and Speaker Baird promptly declared the motion carried. Amid cheers and hisses the fighting chairmen regained their feet, and hostilities came to an end, the organization as effected being subsequently recognized as legal and binding.

This grotesque and unseemly episode of the great Senatorial contest in New Jersey, which presents so many points of similarity to that raging in the Legislature of Indiana, ought to be the last to disgrace an American Legislature.



## HEALING.

GRIEVING and worn, discouraged,  
Sick with the day-long strife,  
Bruised with the restless tossing  
Over the sea of life—  
Hurt by the hands I trusted,  
Yearning for rest and home,  
Famished and faint and doubting,  
Unto the Book I come.

"One of the sweet old chapters,"  
Sometimes a verse or two,  
Falls on my troubled spirit  
Like to a healing dew—  
Binds up the broken sinews,  
Comforts the soul's despair,  
Lifts from my path the shadows,  
Banishes clouds and care.

"Ye that are heavy laden,"  
Whether with doubt or fear,  
"Knock and the door will open—  
Resting and peace are here."  
"Let not your hearts be troubled;"  
"Only believe and trust;"  
Gushes the living water  
Out of earth's desert-dust.

Sedalia, Mo.

NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

## BARETTI'S BRACELET.

By LUCY H. HOOPER.

HE was the handsomest man that I have ever seen upon the boards, and that despite the fact that I have been stage-manager in leading Italian theatres for the last thirty years, so when, after a brilliant season of six weeks in St. Petersburg, our energetic director decided to mount Torelli's great tragedy of "The Martyrs," and needed an actor of remarkable personal beauty to take the part of *Claudius*, I said to him at once, "Cola Baretto is the very man." There was no question at any time of our leading tragedian, Varese, for the character, for he was short and thick-set, and was fifty years old at the very least, besides which he preferred the part of *Nero*, which he had always played in Italy. Our director telegraphed for Baretto that very night, and the piece was brought out three weeks later. Of course everybody knows about Torelli's "Martyrs," as it is one of the greatest poetic dramas of the nineteenth century. I need therefore only mention that it turns on the fate of *Claudius*, a brilliant young prodigal noble, who loves a Christian patrician maiden, and is induced by his love to embrace her faith and to share in her doom, both being condemned to the lions by *Nero*. We had a cage full of real lions in the last scene, that of the amphitheatre, and by dint of never feeding them till just after the performance, we got them to roar every evening in a most realistic and bloodthirsty fashion. Then we had a new scene for that act representing the interior of the Colosseum, as restored, after the best authorities, and it was so finely done that it created a genuine sensation.

But the great success of the play was Baretto as *Claudius*. As I have said before, he was wonderfully handsome, in a superb and symmetrical and antique Roman fashion, that was just suited to the character. And when, on the first night, *Claudius* appeared at the top of a flight of steps at one side of the stage, in his white, gold-bordered tunic and snowy mantle, with a fan of white ostrich plumes in his hand, and leaning upon the shoulder of one of his boon companions, a murmur of admiration ran through the house.

The old Countess Ledichoff was heard to ask, "How long was it since the statues in the Vatican had come to life and taken to acting?" And the sculptor Krazinoff (who died the other day, aged eighty-two) came up to him in the green-room, after the first act, and said, with a long look at his figure and his features, "Ah, my boy, if I were but ten years younger, I would make of your *Claudius* a masterpiece in marble that would immortalize us both!" Nor was his acting a less success than his appearance. The fine play of his features, the grace of his gestures, the unforced fervor and pathos of the later scenes, all won warm praise from audience and critics alike, and, much to Varese's disgust and indignation, Cola Baretto was the success of our season.

Looking as he did and acting as he did, he came in for a good deal of social attention, and the more so as he was a winning, genial, gentlemanly fellow off the stage, and a great favorite with everybody who made his acquaintance. But he kept out of the way as much as possible, refused most of the invitations that were extended to him, and burned up the little perfumed notes that he daily received without so much as reading them. The truth is that he was engaged to be married to a young American girl, Alice Mayburn by name, who was studying singing in Milan under Lamperti, and so he used to devote his leisure moments to studying Shakespeare and writing her long letters. He showed me her photograph once, but I cannot say I thought much of it—a little thin face, with a pair of immense eyes, and that was all. A little American mockingbird, that I scarcely thought was fitted to mate with our king-falcon. I told Baretto so very frankly one day, but he would not listen to me.

"Friend Marconi," he said, "I love her and she loves me, and when once her *début* is made and her career, like mine, assured, I shall invite you to the wedding. So not a word, I beg of you, in disparagement of my future wife."

That was one of the defects of Cola's character. He never would listen to reason on any point where his affections were concerned. It was the same thing about his friendship for that unlucky Lieutenant Ivan Nikalaieff, who was afterwards hanged for complicity in a Nihilist conspiracy. I always said to him, "Cola, my boy, you should make friends where they can do you some good, not amongst people that can only be an injury to you." But nothing would induce him to give up his friend till Nikalaieff was actually arrested.

And the night following the execution, Cola positively refused to act, and we had to make an apology for him on the ground of sudden indisposition, though by so doing we brought suspicion upon us all. I do not think we were ever free, after that, from the surveillance of the police, as long as we remained in Russia.

However, "The Martyrs" continued to draw tremendous houses, some people coming to see it as often as five or six times. And there was one person that I verily believe never missed a single representation. Night after night one of the upper proscenium boxes was tenanted by the same figure, always half hidden behind the box-curtain, and with little discernible save an ermine mantle, a pair of great eyes always fixed upon the stage, and a shining cloud of floating golden hair. This constant spectator was, as I had been told, the Princess Sophia Orloff, a great heiress and a great lady, but terribly crippled and deformed. Her attendants used to carry her in and out of her box at the different theatres, her favorite recreations being music and the drama.

She was still quite young—twenty-five or thereabouts—I learned, and she inhabited one wing of the great Orloff Palace, under the guardianship of her uncle, Prince Michael. Cola Baretto took quite an interest in this unfailing patroness of our theatre, having a soft heart for anything that was weak and suffering; and I used to think sometimes that our splendid *Claudius* had something to do with her unflagging interest in our performances. At all events she used to applaud his best points with all fervor possible to a pair of small and slender white hands, and when he was on the stage her opera-glass seldom left her eyes. He got into the way, at last, of playing to her, in a measure, so appreciative was her applause and so earnest her attention. He used to say, for instance, "The Princess must have been pleased to-night with my acting in the last scene," or, "I did not recite the Hymn to Hymen as well as usual this evening, for the Princess failed to applaud it." She became thus, as it were, the barometer of his talent.

I think the time has now come for giving the true reason for our failure to give "Hamlet" in St. Petersburg as we had promised, on the withdrawal of "The Martyrs," with Cola Baretto as the melancholy Dane. It is just as well that the public should learn that neither I nor the director were in any way to blame for disappointing the subscribers, who were naturally anxious to see Baretto in a more prominent part than that of *Claudius*. And, indeed, I only learned the whole story from him the other day, when I went to visit him in Milan.

This is what he told me:

One gloomy afternoon, shortly after we had given up playing "The Martyrs," he found waiting for him at the stage-door, at the close of the first rehearsal of "Hamlet," a servant-girl, who put into his hands a sealed note. It contained these few words only, without signature or address:

"As you value your life, and if you desire to soothe the last moments of a dying woman, follow the bearer of this letter. For the love of Heaven come."

Cola tried to question the girl, but could get no answer from her, and, in fact, she seemed incapable of understanding either French or Italian. Many men would have hesitated before deciding to obey so mysterious a summons, but Cola was as brave as a lion, besides which there was something in the tone of the few words of the epistle that bore the ring of sincerity. So he followed his guide through the gathering gloom of the evening till they stood before the great Orloff Palace. Turning to the west wing, the girl led him swiftly up a side staircase, and opening a door on the second floor, which she instantly closed behind him as he entered, he found himself in the presence of the Princess Sophia. He recognized her instantly, though she lay on a couch beside a table which bore a single lamp, the shade of which was so arranged as to leave her figure in obscurity while throwing its full lustre on anyone approaching her. But there was no mistaking the slight form in its wrappings of ermine, and the mist of golden hair that floated around the pale, delicately featured countenance. The room was large and lofty, and hung with tapestry. On a low stand was placed a box of water-colors and an unfinished miniature portrait, in which Baretto, with surprise, recognized his own features. Beside the Princess, on the table near her couch, were two objects, a packet of papers bound with a ribbon and a solitary and empty wineglass.

She looked up as he advanced. He paused as he came within the circle of radiance cast by the shaded lamp, and she gazed upon him for some moments without speaking.

"So you have obeyed my summons, Cola Baretto," she said, at last. "I thank Heaven for that!"

Her glance rested with mournful intensity upon the broad brow beneath its clustering chestnut curls, the full, dark eyes, the features fine and firmly outlined as those of an antique bust, the noble and symmetrical figure.

"They lied to me who said that your beauty was born of the cosmetics of the stage and the glow of the footlights. My fair hero—how well some woman will love you long after I am dust and ashes! Come closer, Baretto—sit near me—there, where the light falls fullest. I would look upon you while yet I may do so. And I have something to tell you, and though the tale is not a long one, I have little time in which to tell it."

"I am here to do your bidding, Princess," he answered, as he seated himself in the place she indicated.

"You have seen me at the theatre, Cola, and doubtless know who I am—the Princess Sophia Orloff, the richest heiress in Russia, and the shame and burden of the powerful family to which I belong, by reason of my bodily infirmities. By my father's death I, a deformed cripple, came into

the possession of the hereditary estates of our race. My uncle, Prince Michael, has long conceived the plan of retaining my wealth in the family by uniting me in marriage to his son Paul. To this project I have ever returned a persistent refusal: I declared that I never meant to marry; and at last, satisfied with that assurance, my relatives left me to pursue my own course of life in peace. And can you guess the sequel? Cola Baretto, I love you—I have loved you from the moment that I first looked upon your face. And I dare to tell you this without faltering and without blush, for I am dying!"

"Dying!" He echoed her last word in amazement. There were no traces of departing vitality in her clear, unflattering tones.

"I saw you first as *Claudius* six weeks ago. I have lived since then in a dream of poetry and heroism and self-sacrifice. And out of that dream came another and a higher vision. I resolved to give my hand to the man that I loved. I would have made you rich and powerful, Cola, content to linger out my life in its old, peaceful way, with the glad thought that I had showered blessings on the head of him I loved. But it was not to be. This project once formed within my mind, I resolved to lose no time in putting it into execution. I sent for my uncle, and imparted to him my intentions. He heard me in silence—it is an evil omen when an Orloff listens without speaking to displeasing tidings. The next day he came to me to tell me that he had proofs of your complicity in the Nihilist conspiracy in which your most intimate friend was implicated, and that through his intimacy with the Chief of Police he had to pronounce but one word to cause you to disappear from the face of the earth for ever."

"The charge is false, Princess; I knew nothing of my poor friend's designs."

"There was a letter in your handwriting found amongst the papers of Nikalaieff; what it contained I do not know. But this much I know: that he who by so much as the tip of one finger is caught in the terrible machinery of our police system is irretrievably condemned. In a few brief, decisive words, Prince Michael told me what your fate was to be, and then he left me to my despair. For I knew that you were lost, Cola, and that your doom was sealed unless, indeed, I could save you. For a little time I could think of nothing but of my anguish and my terror. Then a sudden resolve took possession of my soul. I summoned my uncle to my presence once more, and I offered, as the price of your freedom and your life, to remove the only obstacle that stood between him and my great wealth—myself. I would die and make no sign; and my only conditions were, that my end should be painless, and that I should be permitted to summon you here and to place in your possession with my own hands the papers that insured your safety—the compromising letter and your passport. An hour ago he brought me yonder packet and a glass of old Tokay. I drank the wine, and then he left me, saying:

"You can send for your actor when you please, only do not delay too long."

Astonishment and horror had up to this time kept Baretto silent, but at these words he sprang to his feet.

"This must not be!" he cried. "Help!—let me summon help?"

But the Princess's hand, cold as ice and firm as steel, crushed back the words upon his lips.

"Silence!" she whispered, in accents hoarse with terror. "Not a cry!—not a sound! We stand beneath an avalanche; a word might call down upon your head the swooping doom! There are eyes that watch us, ears that hearken to our words. Besides, for me it is too late. Ah, Cola! Cola! do not take from me all the gladness of my self-sacrifice! Let me not die knowing that I have died in vain. I could not give you riches and power, my beloved; suffer me at least to give you the life I have bought even at the price of my own! Perhaps it is better so, for you could never have loved me had I been your wife. And some day, in heaven, made whole and strong and fair, I may spring to greet you, my hero, and claim you as my own by the right of a love stronger than death, eternal as the life beyond the grave!"

She paused, and her breath came quick and gaspingly.

"Lift me to the light, Cola," she murmured, "and look upon my face, that in the other world you may not fail to know me!"

He raised her gently in his arms. The lamp-light showed him a face pure and pallid as a pearl, over which an ominous shadow was slowly creeping. She lifted her hands and linked them lightly behind his bowed head. Her eyes met his with an ineffable tenderness in their azure depths.

"Oh, my love! my love!" she sighed. "Live and be happy, and sometimes remember the woman who has known but one happy hour in her most unhappy life, and that the hour in which she learned she could lay down her life for you!"

He was weeping now, such bitter tears as only strong men can shed in a moment of supreme emotion. They fell upon the white brow from which the golden cloud of hair had fallen back like a veil.

"Tears—and for me?" she whispered. "Not tears, Cola—but one kiss—to bid me farewell—and then go—go as you value your life!"

He touched his lips to hers, reverently, as though he kissed a holy relic. The mortal chill of that pale mouth thrilled through his powerful frame. He laid her softly back upon her pillow, but the cold fingers still sought his hands.

"*Claudius*, my fair *Claudius*! where is your raiment of white and gold? All is darkness—yet no—there is light beyond—light and life—the life that I have saved! Greater love hath no man known than this—"

Her voice died into silence and her eyes closed. At that moment a tall, dark woman in peasant's dress came swiftly from behind the tapestry that

clothed the walls. She motioned imperiously to Baretto to depart. Hiding the packet of papers in his breast, he hurried from the room, and in an hour had left St. Petersburg for ever.

When he opened the packet he found within it, besides the passport and the letter, a long, thick tress of golden hair. That tress, woven into a bracelet, now encircled Baretto's arm, and he will wear it in his coffin when he dies. He is married now, and is a happy and devoted husband. But when we met in Milan the other day, he turned back his sleeve to show me the bracelet, and then he told me this story.

A REMARKABLE INDIAN CEREMONY.  
DEDICATING A SACRED ROCK TO PEACE  
AND PLENTY.

WE give on page 385 an illustration of an interesting ceremony which took place in November last at Standing Rock, the Great Sioux Indian Agency, near Fort Yates, Dakota, when the "standing rock," for which the agency was named by the dusky warriors, was unveiled. The rock of itself does not present an imposing appearance, and were it not for the traditions and legends of this, the most famous and warlike of all the Northwestern tribes, would be passed without eliciting any special attention.

The Indians have been taught, and firmly believe, that the rock—which is about five feet in height, and when discovered was standing on its smaller end—is the petrified form of a young squaw who died while in the act of appealing to the Great Spirit for the return of her absent lord. For years the stone has been worshipped, and since the return of Sitting Bull and his band from the bloody expedition in which Custer and his soldiers were slaughtered, it has been the coveted and cherished idol of the reluctantly reforming Sioux. Lately, notwithstanding its sacred character, the rock had been removed from the place in which it was discovered, and its frequent removals aroused fears among the whites that it was losing its civilizing and pacifying influence upon the Indians. In order that the "standing rock" might be preserved as the sacred idol of the tribe, Major McLaughlin, the agent, announced to Sitting Bull and his fellow-chieftains that it would be placed upon a pedestal, vailed, and on a given date, with prayers and thanksgiving, it would be unveiled to the sun god, and that ever after it should there remain, undisturbed and unmolested. The pedestal was erected, and on November 27th the chiefs and their families, followed by the entire population of the Indian city, numbering over 5,000, filed with reverential tread to the holy spot. For several hours the Indians sat in council, discussing the legends connected with the wooing maiden whose voice had been hushed by a wrathful God and the process of petrification, and showed much uneasiness as to who should be honored with the duty of offering the prayers and painting the rock. It was decided that no man who had been guilty of sin should touch the rock. Sitting Bull declared that none but the purest man in all the tribe should perform the sacred service. They must search and catechize until they found a man whose life had been absolutely pure, that the holy rock might lose none of its purity. A hundred chiefs had been questioned, when Fire Cloud, of Fire Heart's band, was chosen.

As no Indian, according to the Indian superstition, could remove the veil, that office was performed by Major McLaughlin, the agent, who then delivered a brief address, telling the tribe that he had found the rock, sacred to the Indians and of great historic interest to the whites, frequently disturbed, and now that he had built for it a pedestal and it had been dedicated to the Great Spirit, he trusted that it would be ever guarded from the hands of sinful men, and be preserved for their children's children, until all had reached the happy hunting-grounds beyond the dark river.

At the close of the agent's speech, Fire Cloud, the pure Indian, whose purity had heretofore been considered a disgrace by his tribe, stepped forward, and for over an hour daubed and smeared the sacred maiden with paint, praying as he swung his brush. As interpreted, the prayer was remarkable, for it was the first time in the history of the natives that an Indian had prayed for peace. Their prayers are usually for victory with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, or for an abundance of food. But Fire Cloud prayed for peace and the purification of the Indian race; he asked forgiveness for the sins and transgressions of his people, and promised the Great Spirit that the fearless Sioux would for ever protect the holy "standing rock." His prayer closed with an appeal to the Great Spirit for an abundance of rain and bountiful crops in the future.

A few mysterious waves of the paint-brush, several additional daubs on the face of the rock, and the ceremony was closed; the Indians returning to their tents with uplifted hands, chanting to the Great Spirit, and keeping time in the conventional Indian heel-and-toe dance.

To this account of the peculiar ceremony, supplied by the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, we add an outline of the story of Inyan Bostada, or Standing Rock, as told by E. P. McFadden, of Fort Yates:

"Many years ago there dwelt, a little south of Porcupine River, a large and exceedingly brave band of Dakotas under their Chief Mato Watake (Charging Bear). For years he had carried on war with the Rees, a fierce and warlike tribe from the north, and although victory did not always perch on the banner of the Dakotas, nevertheless defeat was seldom encountered.

"One day, in early Spring, while most of his warriors were engaged in the chase, his old adversaries made a descent on the village, murdering the defenseless old men and boys, and carrying the women and children into captivity. Among those who were reserved to grace their victorious march was Ista Sapa (Black Eyes), the young and pretty wife of Mato Watake. Her captor, Shunka Duts (Red Dog), was a gruff, sullen savage, to whose bosom mercy and pity were utter strangers. He ordered her to follow him. Placing her infant on her back and drawing her robe over it, and taking her other child, a prattling boy of five summers, by the hand, she silently took up her march.



to disobey, he reluctantly left her where she was, but he determined to have his revenge. That night, when all were asleep, he stole out of the camp and returned on the trail to finish his work. Coming near the place where he left Ista Sapa, he saw her sitting in the same position, except she had drawn the robe over her head. Getting down on all fours, he crawled up to her, and when within striking distance he arose with a whoop, knife-in-hand, and made a lunge at her, but the knife was shivered into a thousand pieces. The Dakota God of Mercy, taking compassion on her great tribulations, transformed her into a stone. Terrified at what he saw, Shunka Duta fled in dismay.

"Mato Watakepe returned that night, only to find his village in ruins and the inhabitants either murdered or carried into captivity. He saw and recognized his wife, and swore vengeance on the perpetrators. Following the trail, he and his braves caught up with the enemy three miles north of the Porcupine River. For eight hours the battle raged. The stream on whose banks they fought ran red with blood, so much so that even to-day it is called Battle Creek, in commemoration of the dreadful carnage.

"Finally the Dakotas gave way, and their chief, not being able to rally them, was forced to retreat. Coming to where his wife sat, he stuck his spear in the ground and cried: 'I die here!' A few of his braves, ashamed of their cowardice, rallied around him, bravely withstood the attack of the foe, and finally won the victory, but at a fearful cost; their beloved chief and five-sixths of their band lay dead or dying around them.

"The survivors cherished the memory of Ista Sapa, and she was honored as the model of marital virtue and fidelity for ages. But the band, harassed by the fell Rees on the north and the fierce Titwars on the south, was forced to migrate. Ista Sapa was deserted and forgotten by all, or only remembered as the Standing Rock by the few roving bands, until some years after Fort Yates was built, when the tender hands of a pious paleface matron, a descendant of their brave and virtuous chief, had had her removed from her neglected dell to the high bluff just back of the agency; and now Ista Sapa looks down on the broad Missouri and sees her kinsfolk living in peace and amity with themselves and others, under the fostering hand of the Great Father, and is glad that they have washed off their war-paint and assumed the garb of brotherhood and good-fellowship."

#### ON THE OLD WAR-SHIP "TENNESSEE."

THE old war-ship *Tennessee* was retired from service in the closing hours of the year 1886. The last inspection and drill on her worn deck, in the presence of Rear-admiral Jonett, is sympathetically portrayed in the large picture on page 392. The scene was the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The veteran lay majestically on the water, her black sides, smooth decks and polished brass-work glistening in the morning sunlight, while flags floated proudly aloft. The guard of marines paraded on the quarter-deck, and the Marine Band saluted the admiral with welcoming strains. The commanding officer of the *Tennessee*, Captain Robert Boyd, and her executive officer, Lieutenant-commander T. A. Lyons, stood by to greet the admiral when he came on board, and immediately after to give the command, "All hands to shift topsails, courses and jib!" Then the tars, trig and trim in their neatest jackets and widest trousers, ran aloft like monkeys, and, having executed the order and furled the sails again, they grouped together on deck at the bugle-call, and received the order for all boats to be manned, armed and equipped. With incredible swiftness this exercise was put through, to be followed by fire quarters and drill, and then officers, sailors—in a word, every living soul on board—mustered at their stations, and looked about them at the familiar surroundings for the last time, while the bugle-call was given, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." That is the signal to "abandon ship," and the old *Tennessee* herself seemed to feel that all was over with her. Slowly and reluctantly her officers and crew took leave of her for ever. They go to her new and pretty rival, the flagship *Richmond*. Her guns are deposited at the ordnance dock; out of commission, her work done, weary and wounded, the *Tennessee* goes to join her veteran superannuated comrades in Whitney Basin.

#### THE LATE THOMAS POWELL.

THE death of Thomas Powell, at Newark, N. J., on Thursday of last week, removed from the field of letters and journalism one of its distinguished veterans. His literary activity, which began fifty years ago, continued almost up to the day of his death; and the readers of his "Leaves from my Life," in the last few numbers of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, can testify that age did not wither nor custom stale the vivacious charm of his pen. His books have been published and read on both sides of the Atlantic. He was the first editor of *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, the initial number of which appeared December 15th, 1855; he saw this pioneer periodical take and maintain its place at the head of American illustrated journalism, and his connection with the house founded by the late Frank Leslie has been continuous during thirty-seven years. Poet, critic, journalist and wit, and industrious worker withal, Mr. Powell did not belong to the distinctively Bohemian class of the past generation; and yet he was one of its circle of choicest spirits and *bon vivants*, which included such men as Artemus Ward, John Brougham, Tom Picon, Charles Gayler, Frank Ottarson, Will Stuart, and a score of others whose names are equally familiar. Probably no other man in the United States had such a fund of literary reminiscence and anecdote as Mr. Powell—certainly no other dispensed it with such genial and witty prodigality.

Thomas Powell was born in London in 1809, and lived in Dulwich for forty years. Here he had as neighbors, friends, or literary collaborators, most of the great English men and women of letters of that time. Among these were Charles and Mary Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Walter Savage Landor, Samuel Rogers, Sergeant Talfourd, Rev. Robert Montgomery, Trelawney (the friend of Byron and Shelley), R. H. Horne, Alfred Domett, Disraeli, "Barry Cornwall," Carlyle, Robert Browning, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Dickens and Alfred Tennyson. Mr. Powell's first book, the traditional "thin volume of poems," was published in 1833, simultaneously with Tennyson's first volume, and by the same publisher—Edinburgh Wilson, of London. In collaboration with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, and others, he prepared a volume of "Chaucer Modernized," which was published in 1841. This was followed by "Count de Foix," a



THE LATE THOMAS POWELL, AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

poem, 1842; "The Wife's Revenge," a tragedy, 1842; "The Shepherd's Well," a drama, 1842; "The Blind Wife," a romantic drama, 1842; Poems, 1842; Dramas and Poems (2 vols.), 1843; with R. H. Horne, "A New Spirit of the Age," (2 vols.), 1844; "Confessions of the Ideal," poems, 1846; "Marguerite," a play, 1846; "Tales from Boccaccio, and Other Poems," 1846; "Florentine Tales," 1847; Poems, etc., 1847; "True at Last," a play, 1848; and "Love's Rescue," a comedy, 1848.

Mr. Powell removed to New York in 1849. He published in this country: "The Living Authors of England," 1849; "The Living Authors of America," 1850; and "Chit-Chat, by Pierce Pungent," 1858. Mr. Powell was also the author of "The Ambassador's Daughter," a romance, and many fugitive tales and poems, printed under the nom de plume of "Ernest Trevor." He was a contributor to the *New Quarterly Review*, the *Monthly Chronicle*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other British periodicals; and edited in New York: *Figaro* (1850-51); *The Lantern* (1852-5)—in conjunction with John Brougham; the *New York Revue* (1854); *Daily News*; *Young Sam*; *Frank Leslie's Magazine*; *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*; *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*; and *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*; also "Pierce Pungent's Proverbs," and the *Hudson County Democrat*. Two of Mr. Powell's plays were acted in England; and he wrote a number of burlesques for Buckley's Minstrels, in New York.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE NEW FRENCH GUNBOAT.

THE enormous ironclads which the European naval powers have been engaged in constructing and developing during the past twenty years have not yet been subjected to the test of battle. It is not impossible that the next great naval engagement may prove the ironclad monsters on which the nations of the world have spent so many hundreds of millions to be a failure; and the minds of the naval authorities are directed to the consideration of new weapons of naval attack and defense. At present, fast cruisers, small vessels carrying very heavy guns, and torpedo-boats, are in favor; each country is trying to steal a march on its neighbor in some new invention, or improvement on old inventions, in this direction. Our illustration represents the external view of a new gunboat built under the direction of the Minister of Marine according to the ideas of M. Gabriel Charner. It is a small boat, not unlike a torpedo-boat in size and shape, worked by steam, with one powerful gun in the bows. The gun is provided with a hydraulic apparatus which diminishes the force of the recoil and uses the recoil to replace the gun into position after each discharge. The gun is aimed from the armored lookout-house on deck, the horizontal motion being given by the steering of the vessel, while hydraulic apparatus elevates and depresses it through an arc of thirty degrees. This first experiment has been christened the *Gabriel Charner*. It has been tried, and is said to give very satisfactory results, not the least of which is that it attained the unexpected speed of twenty knots an hour.

##### THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

The sudden death of Lord Idlesleigh, in London, on Wednesday of last week, in the midst of the Cabinet crisis in which his name figured prominently as the retired Foreign Minister, caused a painful sensation. The honored peer was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, as he is still most commonly called, was born in London on October 27th, 1818. He graduated at Oxford in 1842, and was called to the Bar in 1847. He succeeded as eighth baronet on the death of his grandfather in 1851, and in the same year was made a C.B. for his services as

Secretary of the Crystal Palace Exhibition. He became a Member of Parliament in 1855; was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone when the latter was President of the Board of Trade; financial secretary to the Treasury from January to June, 1859; President of the Board of Trade from July, 1866, to March, 1867, and afterwards Secretary of State and President of the Council for India till December, 1868; Governor of the Hudson Bay Company in 1869, and a member of the High Joint Commission at Washington on the *Alabama* Claims in 1871. In March, 1874, he joined Disraeli's Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. A year ago last July, Sir Stafford Northcote entered the peerage. When he was made Foreign Secretary in the Tory Cabinet last Fall, he came into friction with Lord Randolph Churchill, just as he had previously done in the House of Commons. A fortnight ago Lord Salisbury practically shelved Lord Idlesleigh, and took the Foreign Office himself. Lord Idlesleigh and his extreme Tory partisans were making a bitter grievance of the slight put upon him, and he was on an errand to Salisbury when death overtook him and relieved the Tories of a very serious complication.

##### THE "MANIQUITA" IN THE ANDES.

Our engraving represents a species of Andean tobogganing which is locally known as the *maniquita*, or locomotive. The locomotive is the hardy guide himself, and the momentum is supplied by the laws of gravity. The voyager seats himself in the snow behind the guide, clinging to him tightly with arms and legs, while the latter grasps the long, stout pike which serves him as steering-apparatus and brake. In this manner the descent of almost perpendicular declivities, sometimes thousands of feet high, is made with terrific velocity, yet few *maniquita* accidents are recorded. This mode of descent is practiced chiefly on the Chilean slope of the Andes, which is far more abrupt and precipitous than that towards the Argentine Republic.

##### PROVENCAL FÊTES AT PARIS.

The *fêtes du soleil*, recently organized by the Press of Paris, and held at the Palais de l'Industrie, for the benefit of the sufferers from the floods of the Rhone valley, have fairly transported to the capital a bit of that picturesque, sunny Provence about which Alphonse Daudet writes so enchantingly. The windmills, towers and *cafés* of the South have been set up in miniature; the farandole is danced to the music of the mandolin, fife and drum; and that formidable legendary monster, the *Tarasque*, is promenaded before the eyes of the delighted Parisians. The *Tarasque* was a monster who in the early days terrorized the lower Rhone valley, engulfing boats and devouring the inhabitants. Sixteen brave men went forth to exterminate him. Eight perished in the combat; the other eight, with the help of St. Martha, conquered the *Tarasque*, and made him the emblem of the town of Tarascon, which they founded. The huge effigy shown in our picture, borne in procession, and preceded by fifers and tambourine-players in the costume of Henry IV., was brought from Tarascon, which, as readers of Daudet will remember, is also the home of the redoubtable Tartarin.

##### THE BULLS OF CAMARGUE.

On the plains of Camargue, the great island of the Rhone Delta, are reared the bulls for those courses, or baits, which still form the favorite sport of the Provencal village fairs. These animals are of the Spanish breed—small, black, sinewy, and quick of movement, with fine sharp horns and wicked little eyes. They roam the plains of Camargue, as our Western cattle do the prairies, each bearing the brand of its owner. The picture shows a group of Provencal cowboys, armed with tridents, engaged in the capture of a spirited bull-calf, which is about to be branded, and at the same time weaned by means of a muzzle.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. NELLIE GRANT-SARTORIS is to spend the Winter with her mother.

THERE are four Smiths in the New York Legislature. They are all Republicans.

M. PASTEUR is to retire from active practice soon, to avoid paralysis, with which he is threatened.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenberg says that he will not return to Bulgaria, even if a powerful party should recall him.

MRS. MARY NASH AGNEW and Miss Grace H. Dodge took their seats, last week, as members of the New York Board of Education.

MANUEL BARRIENT and wife, of Matamoros, Mexico, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their marriage a few days ago. The husband is 102 years old and the wife 96.

NILS HAUGEN, the Norwegian who has been nominated for Congress to succeed the late W. T. Price, of Wisconsin, will be one of the great men of the Fiftieth Congress, so far as size goes. He is six feet four inches, and weighs 300 pounds.

PROFESSOR FERDINAND V. HAYDEN, a well-known geologist of the United States Geological Survey, has resigned, owing, he says, to continued ill-health with no prospect of permanent recovery. Professor Hayden is the founder of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories.

IN explaining that he left the Tory Cabinet because he could not get his colleagues abreast of modern events, Lord Churchill justifies the predictions made of him. He can afford to bide his time. The Tories will have to come to him as they came to Disraeli under similar circumstances.

WHEN Senator Stanford goes to Washington at the beginning of a session he deposits \$50,000 at a local bank, and he and his wife check against it. If anything remains at the end of the session it is left as a nest-egg for the next year's expenses. As a general thing nothing remains.

GLADSTONE danced with his housekeeper and Mrs. Gladstone with the steward at the servants' ball which they gave at Hawarden Castle in honor of Mr. Gladstone's seventy-fifth birthday. At least that is what some of the wicked English newspapers say, but they do not always tell the truth.

DR. WILLIAM PERRY, of Exeter, N. H., who was mentioned in this column, last week, as the oldest living graduate of Harvard College, and the sole surviving passenger of Fulton's first steamboat on its trial trip down the Hudson seventy-nine years ago, died on Tuesday, the 11th inst., aged ninety-eight years.

FANNIE BARCLAY, of Pittsburg, dreamed about six weeks ago that she saw her dead body laid out in a coffin. She was soon to be married to a well-known young business man and was in the best of health, but could not shake off the effects of the dream, and two weeks since was stricken with a fever and died.

HON. CHARLES B. FARWELL has been nominated as General Logan's successor in the United States Senate from Illinois. In Indiana, Judge David Turpie has been nominated as the Democratic candidate against United States Senator Harrison. In Tennessee, Hon. W. C. Withorn has been named for the short-term Senatorship.

It is stated that Secretary Manning has recovered his strength and vigor, and looks better and is better than he was for some months before his attack. He is actively at work, has gradually resumed his full control over all parts of the Treasury, and since the 3d of January has even begun again to sign his whole mail every day.

DR. JUNKER, the African explorer, has arrived at Suez. He urges that the expedition for the relief of Emin Bey, who is now in Central Africa, be fitted out without delay, and that it be composed of picked men, thoroughly equipped, as the least hitch might entail disaster, and result in the massacre of all the missionaries in that region.

A COMPROMISE between Mr. Tilden's heirs and the executors of his will, by means of which each of the former will get \$1,000,000, is said to have been effected. It is said that the contest will be withdrawn in consequence, and that the residue of the estate, valued at about \$9,000,000, will go towards the public library in New York city, in accordance with the dead statesman's desires.

THOMAS STEVENS, the bicyclist, who undertook a trip around the world on his wheel, arrived at San Francisco on the 8th instant. He states that with the exception of rough treatment in China and a little trouble elsewhere, he has only pleasant memories of his journey, which has lasted since April, 1884. Mr. Stevens has received all sorts of hospitable attentions at the hands of San Francisco bicyclists.

THE position of Queen of the Gypsies in the United States, made vacant by the death of Mrs. Emma Stanley, which occurred near Jackson, Miss., on December 30th last, has been filled by the appointment of Miss Lucy Stanley, a sister of the dead Queen, who lives near Evansville, Ind., where she owns valuable property. The new Queen is but nineteen years old, prepossessing in appearance, fairly educated, and is a favorite not only with her own people, but with all who know her.

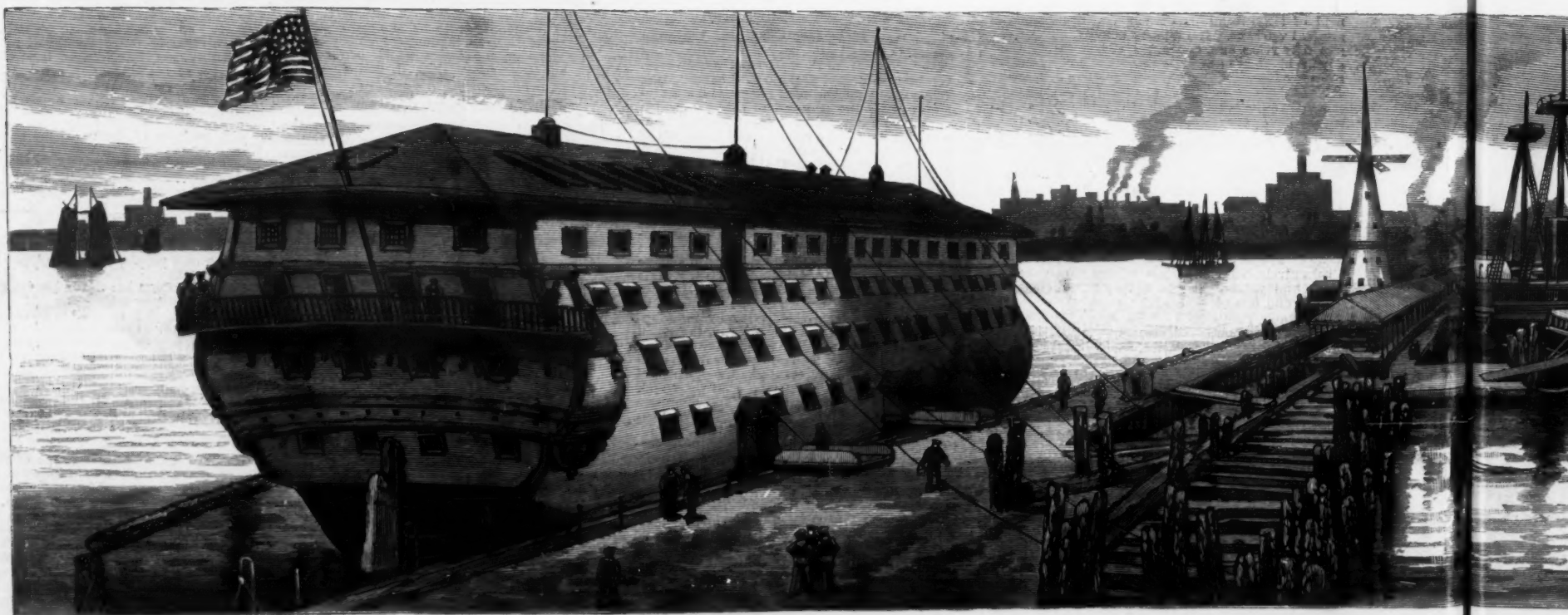
QUEEN VICTORIA has shown her interest in Lady Colin Campbell by asking one of the ladies of the Royal Household to arrange to meet her at dinner and express the Queen's sympathy and her opinion that the result of the recent trial ought to be accepted as a complete vindication of Lady Colin. This dinner was given by one of the most popular women in London, whose house is a well-known social headquarters, and the company included a Cabinet Minister and a dozen ladies and gentlemen almost all notable for their position in literature or in society.

CHIEF-JUSTICE D. K. CARTTER of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is about to retire. He is in poor health, and his physicians and friends insist that he shall take a rest. He is seventy-four years old, and has served the Government continuously for twenty-four years. He is the only one left of the circle of which Ben Wade, Secretary Stanton, Zach Chandler and their associates were representatives. There was no man in civil life during the war who enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to a greater degree than Judge Cartter, and there was no man among those in civil life at the capital who exerted a greater or more wholesome influence throughout the war upon those who shaped the Republican war policy.



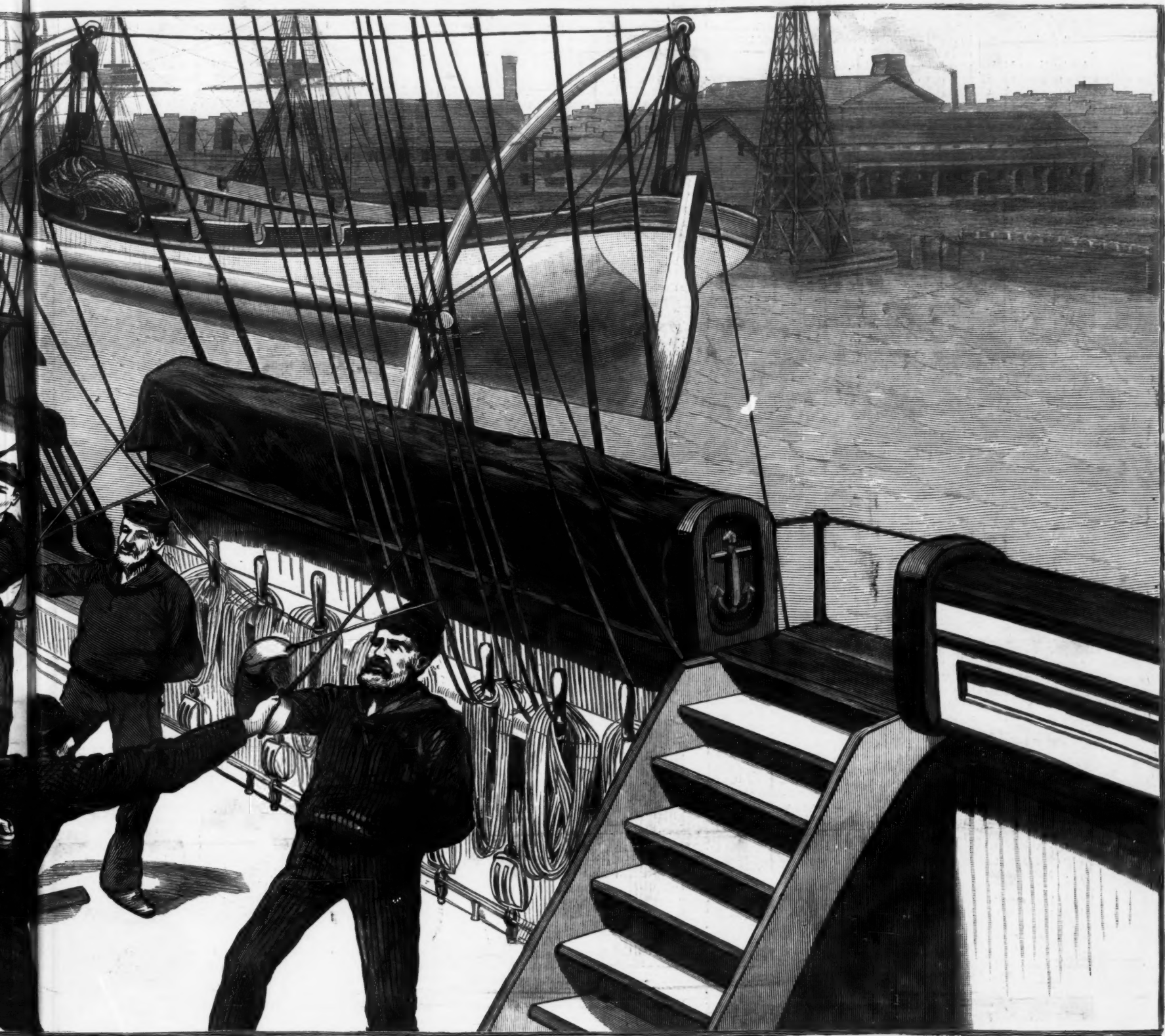


"SINGLE STICK DRILL" ON BOARD MAN-OF-WAR

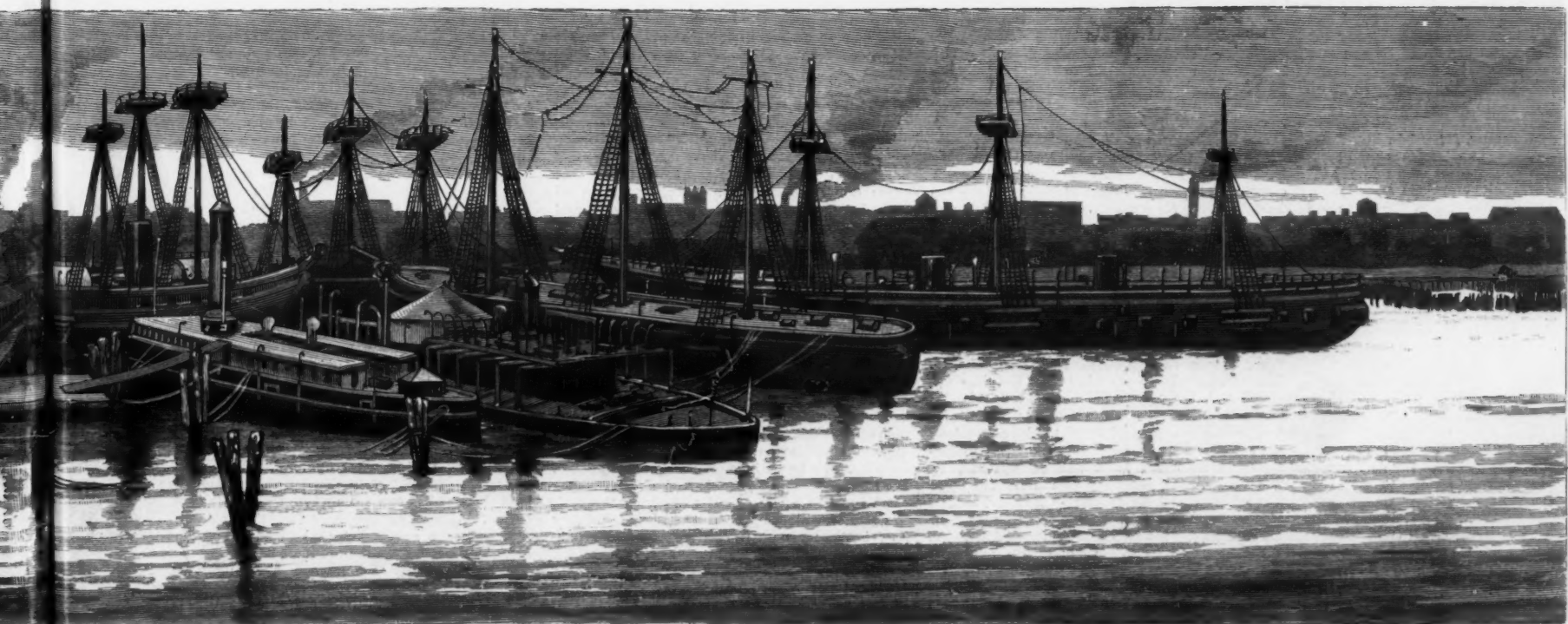


"WHITNEY'S ROTTEN ROW," THE NAVY  
THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL DEFENSE—EDITION  
FROM SKETCHES BY A. S. T. — SEE PAGE





MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL "TENNESSEE."



THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.  
SE—DITION OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.  
BY . S. TINT.—SEE PAGE 391.



## A Million-Dollar Stake.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

AND now, for the proper understanding of this story, it will be necessary to introduce the diary of a traveler who was detained in South America during one of the periodical revolutions:

"Wednesday, April 29th.—I do not know why I should return to my boyhood practice to-night, unless it is because I am lonely. I think I will keep a diary for a little while, just as I did once when at school, and got so soundly thrashed by Ben Mason for writing down how he was fooled by a colored girl. Heigho! school-days were happy days; and who would have believed then that, instead of staying home and becoming one of the firm of Bogardus & Joyce, I would have preferred to roam the world over? However, I am here, and lonely at that. I miss my friend and comrade, Alston Ward. He has bidden goodbye to the mining fever, and gone home to get married. Get married! Of all the senseless things a man ever did, that is the worst. Get married—give up your freedom for what? A pretty, silly doll-like face—a creature without brains. Not that I deny that there are women who are not in that catalogue, but they are not easy to find. Now, there is my brother's wife. I went to see them a few years ago. She was a pretty little inanity; as a sample, one instance may be stated. One night Dick came home with a sober face. 'Gardiner has gone up,' he said; 'not a cent left.' Brother's wife looked up, almost crying. 'Poor Mrs. Gardiner! she exclaimed, sympathetically; 'and she so fond of new bonnets! There, that was a woman for you! *Neu bonnets!* No, if I cannot find a woman that knows enough to say nothing at all when she don't understand the subject, I shall never marry. There, after all, who has asked me?—I had better commence to write like a sane man.

"I have traveled all over the gold belt of the world. I was about to say; but that would be an exaggeration. However, I have traveled almost everywhere. Sometimes I have struck it flush, and money came easy; well, it knew how to go the same way! First one speculation, then another, always unlucky; then some poor devil (poor devils are plentiful in all quarters of the globe—my observation has taught me that much) would turn up who could accomplish wonders if he only had a helping hand. Nothing so handy as to ask Bogardus to be that hand, and—well, one hates to refuse. Never mind, if I am cleaned out one day, the next I may find the golden egg, and Bogardus is himself again.

"What trash I am writing to-night! Come, my boy, brace up and be sensible. Commence at the beginning.

"My last cruise has been to Dutch Guiana. A very nice country, lovely climate, but the inhabitants a hundred years behind the times. While there, Al bethought himself it was time to go home and commit matrimony. So I have come here to the Port of Spain to give him the last handshake of a friend.

"The Port of Spain is the largest town on the Island of Trinidad, and situated on the Gulf of Paria. It has a population of 35,000 inhabitants (I won't say souls, as so many are apt to, for I know nothing about that), the majority of which are negroes and coolies. The principal business is done by Americans and Europeans. The shipping is quite extensive, several lines of steamships plying between here and European and American ports. The climate is warm, and tropical fruits of all varieties abound. The principal exports are sugar-cane, cocoa and coffee. An English firm is working a pitch lake, fifteen miles from here. The pitch is refined, put in tanks, and shipped with a handsome profit to the owners, who keep about two hundred men employed.

"Thursday, April 30th.—This morning I met with an old friend, Captain Kirby. Many the happy days we have spent together. He was in a steamer, with a couple of other friends, and about to sail. He persuaded me to accompany him, so here I am off again. He has told me how I came to meet him.

"An American company, formed in New York, obtained a concession of about seven million acres of land from the Venezuelan Government. It contains plenty of timber and good arable land, and they intend to colonize it with European and American emigrants. A great scheme; time will tell how it will prosper. All different branches of business are to be carried on, and steamship companies to run between Europe and the United States. I believe I spoke before as if the United States were all there was of America. Between you and me, diary, the Union is the only part deserving of the name, though Heaven knows this country is created beautiful enough; it is the people who inhabit it that disgrace it. At present they have a sawmill, situated at Point Corrisino, which is running constantly, and cutting some very valuable timber, and this steamer, the *Walker*, for cruising about the river and carrying the mails. The *Walker* is a snug little tugboat of twenty-five tons register, built very strongly for use in New York Harbor.

"We left Trinidad at 8 A. M., arriving at Pedermales, an island in the company's concession, at 3 P. M. We disembarked to look around, and found it contained a population of fifty people, one cocoa plantation in a very flourishing condition, and a few coffee and plantain plantations on a smaller scale. We visited a pitch lake that extends over an area of several miles square, and to work which, the company have already sent to New York for machinery. The asphalt works will make this a valuable part of the property.

"May 1st.—We left the island at 8 A. M., and ran up the Macaro, one of the branches of the Orinoco, and then into that river itself, which we sailed down until we came to the site selected by the company for a permanent town.

"May 5th.—I am off for another cruise. News has been brought in of a supposed gold find far up in the country. I have engaged to go up on a prospecting expedition. There is some excitement in that, so I am glad the start is to be made immediately. This morning we took on board the company's engineer, and started for a cruise down the river. We weighed anchor at 11 A. M., and at 4 P. M. we anchored at a little town on the left bank of the river, called Curiaipo. We went on shore and spent an hour among the natives. They were an industrious set of people, engaged in cutting timber and catching fish. They carry on quite a business in salting and drying the morcoto, a fish similar to our codfish, which they send to all parts of the country. Here they have the cassava, a bread made from the yuca-root, and which, though the main food of the natives, to one unaccustomed to it has a disagreeable taste and is quite indigestible. We took on a small quantity of the bread and fish, and started down the river. 6 P. M.—We called at Point Majena, took on wood, and will remain here until to-morrow morning.

"I am surprised to see how faithfully I am keeping this journal. I wonder how long I will continue to do it?

"May 12th.—I have not written down anything because nothing of any importance has transpired, and, to tell the truth, I have been out of patience. I am not a model of patience at any time. Keep that to yourself, diary.

"We left Majena as we anticipated, and ran to a little place called Point Barriana, at the mouth of the Orinoco. Here we found an Englishman cutting ship-timber. After spending about an hour with him, and learning nothing worth even a passing notice, we ran back to Point Corrisino. There I have been until to-day waiting for the person that was to be sent by the president as our guide to the mining district. As he had not arrived, Captain Kirby, the manager, with the engineer and the president of the company, all came on board of the boat, and we have started for Ciudad Bolivar.

"May 14th.—Off again. Found our guide, Mr. Swarze, and an interpreter, awaiting us at Ciudad Bolivar, and now being all prepared, have started out on our excursion. This steamer, *Libertad*, will only carry us to Caicara.

"May 20th.—Here we are in Caicara, and how long we shall be compelled to remain is an open question. Mr. Swarze has been taken ill, and this compelled us to defer our trip.

"May 29th.—This afternoon we will leave here by canoe. I may as well fill up my spare moments by writing my impressions of this place. We hired a room ashore, and carried Mr. Swarze to it, and for the first few days devoted our time and attention to caring for him. As soon as he began to improve, I thought I would look around. Did I mention that I only had the guide and interpreter along? I think in my careless way I would give any one the impression that the whole company had started on this exploring expedition.

"Caicara is situated on the right side of the river, about three hundred miles west of Bolivar, and contains about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. They are an indolent, selfish set, with but few exceptions, ready to fleece strangers unmercifully. We were not so badly taken in and done for, owing to the influence of Mr. Swarze, who was formerly an officer in the army, and understood them. Notwithstanding all this, living is very expensive. I had nearly forgotten to mention that we were invited to a wedding, but as we had not brought our dress-suits along, we declined to attend. The contracting parties were the military governor of the town and one of the belles, Miss Anna Jacinto. The room in which the ceremony was performed and the reception was held boasted of a mud floor, and beer and rum in large quantities were served up to the guests.

"Our canoe is awaiting us; it is owned by Agapito Prieto, a man of considerable intelligence. 30th.—Mr. Swarze sick again. We have called here, at Cabruto, to leave him. He is unable to go further with us. From here he will go by steamer to San Fernando for medical attention. The interpreter and I will continue our journey alone.

"31st.—We have made a pretty good run. We have passed quite a number of places on the way; especially one deserted dwelling where a Spaniard used to live. He went in bathing one day, and the sharks ate him up. The place is too accursed ever since for man to live in.

"June 1st.—Where will I commence? Something has happened to break the monotony—I ought to have said, to set my blood on fire. This morning we came to a deserted-looking place, and landed. There were several buildings going to ruins, fruit-trees that needed trimming, everything overgrown and showing the want of care. Just as we made up our minds that the place was abandoned, the most villainous old Spaniard I ever encountered came down to the beach. He was in a surly mood and wanted to know what we were after. I could scarcely make him understand us, though I knew well enough what he was saying. Mr. Karriman (the interpreter) told him we had called, on our way up the river, to rest; that we were going on an exploring expedition. He said he and his wife were all the people there, and then asked us to his house. He pointed it out, a little way up among the trees. I told Prieto and Karriman to go up with him. I would take a bath first, and then join them. At first the old reptile objected, but upon being assured by Prieto that it was my invariable custom, he led the way. I thought nothing of it, and said ten minutes would suffice for me. Karriman told me to remember the Spaniard and the shark, and then I

went back to the beach. Just a little distance from where we had landed I observed a group of trees, and concluded to go to that spot. I went. Never while life is in my body will I forget what I saw there! A girl arose from the ground to meet me. I write *girl* coolly enough now, but then I almost believed she was a spirit. She was the most lovely and most dejected creature I ever met. She came forward eagerly, and looked into my face with a wondering, inquiring expression that would have melted the coldest heart. 'Lippincott,' she whispered, 'Lippincott'—I have made the name out plainly—'take me away!' For one moment I could not speak. Where has she come from? Who is she? She does not belong to that villainous old heathen. 'Who are you?' I asked. She only stared in my face in her helpless, appealing manner. 'Take me away!' she whispered again. 'Do you belong here?' I questioned, but she made no response; then the truth burst upon me. She is beautiful, more beautiful than anything I ever dreamed of, with a beauty that would fire the coldest heart, but—how can I write it?—she is a fool! There is no need to pick my words, it is too true—not a glimmer of reason about her. And yet she is a captive here, and afraid of that old ruffian.

"She clasped my arm, pointed over the water as if something called her that way, and then burst into tears. I have raved a good deal about women crying over trifles, and said, loftily, I would pay no attention to them; but this is different. Her tears—good God! what horrors may have stolen that poor child's mind away!

"In vain I tried to reason with her. She heeded me not. Then, for fear that old cutthroat might return to look me up, I told her I would come for her some day, and, dragging my arm from her clasp, started towards the house. I do not know if my words made any impression on her. I only know the adventure made an impression on me. I could not eat, but I kept quiet. Nobody shall know what a lily I have found. To-night we sail. I dare not ask them to stay longer, for fear they may think something is wrong. And yet, how can I sail, leaving one of my own countrywomen in that old reprobate's possession? I know she is a true American. You cannot find such women anywhere else in the world! We are going—and to leave her!

"3d.—We left her. There was nothing else for us to do. I wish I had never seen her! I cannot sleep, for her lovely, pleading face, and that musical: 'Take me away! Sometimes I am almost tempted to doubt the testimony of my own senses. Did I see such a creature, or is there fever in the air? How could she be there? Evidently there is foul play somewhere.

"The wind has been favorable, and we have made quite a good run. Here we have added to our party. We have taken on board José Sierra, one of the discoverers of the supposed mine we are going in search of. I do not pin much faith to the story, now I have seen the originator of it. José Sierra find gold! Bogardus picking the stars from the sky is equally as probable. Don Agapito Prieto has been taken ill, and has put a brother who lives in this place in charge. I am glad I said nothing to him of the girl, or I would believe this was a ruse either to steal her or go back and inform the villain that I had seen her.

"7th.—We are at Barranca, another settlement on the bank of the river. We have had quite a time of it since I wrote before. We have passed nights in places where it would not be fit for cattle to sleep; but, as it was pouring down rain, any shelter was better than none. To-day I met a family of Indians, father, mother, and three children. They came from the interior, and never saw a white man before. One of the boys, a lad about sixteen, would have gladdened the heart of our own Barnum. He was pure white, with blue eyes, and soft, white, curling hair, that hung over his shoulders like a veil. His limbs were delicate and finely formed. On his back were three black spots about the size of a dollar. His relatives are all pure Indians, and copper-colored. Account for that freak of nature if you can.

"We have stopped to hire donkeys to carry our things up to the mountains, and will now sail for Huyacoa. I have said nothing about the girl. In my mind I have named her Blossom, for she seems like some lovely flower in a wilderness, a veritable orchid. How am I to fulfill my promise to her? How can I rescue her? I think of that promise day and night. I must fulfill it!

"12th.—Last night we remained in a deserted hut. This morning we ferried our things and swam our donkeys across the river. Then we started on foot, traveling knee-deep through mud and water, with a burning hot sun shining down upon us, for about thirteen miles. At that period Mr. Karriman, who had recently come from the north and was not used to the tropical heat, gave out. He lay on the ground completely exhausted, and we thought he was about to pass up the golden stairway without delay. I bathed him with camphor and rum, and, shortly succeeded in getting him to breathe a little more freely. Then there was only one thing to do. Our guide said the camp was about two miles distant, so we unloaded one of the mules and placed Mr. Karriman on its back, and it carried him the rest of the way. I sent him on ahead, and stopped with the supplies. Trust a native as far as you can see him, is a good rule to go by in this part of the world.

"To-night I am too tired to look for the gold. To-morrow will commence operations. I fancy José is quieter than usual; perhaps he is thinking of the gold mine he never saw.

"I wonder if they ill-treat that poor Blossom? My blood boils with indignation when I think that one of her sex should be in the power of that brutal man.

"18th.—Of all the sells, this has been the worst. A gold mine! I must put down just what we found. In the morning we hurried out to find—a hole in the ground about four feet wide and four

feet deep, and in the shaft no indications of anything at all but hard red granite. Gold! Never the trace of a particle of gold-bearing quartz at all! I asked José whereabouts he found that gold he talked of, but he had nothing to say. Poor devil, he had his grub and a few dollars for his trouble—that repaid him.

"We traveled the mountain-side all over, but it was useless labor. No gold here. And now, after a week's vain toil, we will start homeward, somewhat lighter in pocket than we came.

"And now for that poor child, I am going back to Bolivar. Can I leave her? Can I go by her door and know that she is doomed to remain in that place for the rest of her life? Never! And yet, how am I to effect her rescue? Who will I take into my confidence? Will they help me or turn upon me? That is a query.

"20th.—We crossed over to Huyacoa again, after our weary retreat; for such to me the homeward march seemed. There we exploded a few cartridges in the river and divided the fish, for which the natives were very grateful. We paid for the use of the mules, and then started for Urbano. Arriving there, we found our first canoe captain recovered and able to take us back on our journey, or at least that part made by canoe. Until to-night I have studiously refrained from speaking of the Blossom I found at that deserted island. I could not speak no longer. If she was to be rescued, now is the time; and I hear, sleeping or waking, that pitiful 'Take me away!' I spoke to Mr. Karriman first. He shook his head and smiled. 'You are crazed, Bogardus. We dare not steal a girl away from there! The Government would take us in hand. No, no, I can have no hand in such an arrangement. Give it up, Bogardus. You are suffering from a severe attack of nightmare.' His advice made no impression on me. 'I am determined, I cried, 'with or without your assistance, that the girl goes back to her own country. I would be less than man to leave a countrywoman of my own there.' He vowed he would not aid or abet me, but I paid no heed to that. I can trust to Karriman not to injure me, if he will not co-operate with me. Then my hardest task was before me. How would our boatman take it? Was he a friend of the old curmudgeon, and would he refuse to help me? If he did, he might inform the authorities that I had wished to make the attempt; and then, Bogardus, you might as well buy a ticket to take you from the country, first as last. I approached Prieto in a guarded manner. I learned that the solitary occupant of that island was not liked even by his own countrymen. He had heard of him while he remained in Urbano. Then I asked the gentleman how he would like to make a few dollars extra this trip. That touched him in a sensitive spot. He began immediately to tell how much his sickness had cost him. I sympathized with him, and told him the way was open, if he would embrace it, for him to make up all deficiencies. He was eager. Then I broached my subject. He looked serious, and touched his heart with his hand. I understood him. The Spaniard would knife him if he caught him. I knew he was a coward before we started, so never counted on anything more than to get the use of his boat and his silence. I laughed. 'I will take all that,' I said. 'I only want your boat.' So I told him of the plan I had conceived. We would anchor at a suitable distance. He and Mr. Karriman would let me take the canoe. I could paddle as well as an Indian, and go over there alone. I would wait until I found the girl, and carry her to the boat, and then return to them. If the Spaniard caught me, I alone would be in danger, no one else being implicated in the deed. The love of gold, bright, shiny gold, and the knowledge that he would not be endangered, prevailed.

"To-morrow night it is all to be settled, if the weather is fair. I go alone on my mission. It may be to rescue her, it may be to die, for the Spaniard is treacherous. But if to die, I die in a good cause. No one shall ever say that Bogardus avoided his duty because such a trifle as his life stood in the way of its performance. I am happier now. I see my way clear, and to-morrow night I shall be able to sleep in peace. I wonder, Blossom, if anything whispers to you that rescue is near?

"21st.—To-night a bitter disappointment has overtaken me. I did not believe my heart was so set on what I proposed, though when did I ever do anything by halves? What was it that got me so many thrashings in school, and cost me so much money since? Simply because I entered, heart and soul and body, into everything I started on. To-day Mr. Karriman took sick; another attack of his old complaint. I cannot go to the rescue until he is better. I am here, perhaps some ten miles distant from Blossom, and here we will stay until Karriman is better. Then I shall go from here. I only hope that our close proximity does not reach the Spaniard's ears. It may make him more watchful of his captive.

"23d.—The deed is done! Hurrah—hurrah! I am in no condition to write, for we are in danger of being overtaken.

"25th.—Now I may write out all that has taken place. I will begin at the beginning. It is a solace to write it down, as I cannot talk freely to any one around me. Heaven bless the man who first invented the art of putting thoughts on paper. I find it a great relief sometimes, when company fails. According to my plan, I went, on the night of the 22d, to the deserted island. I landed at a distance from where we had landed before. After tying my canoe fast, that it might not float away, I began to prow around. I had to be very stealthy, for I did not know when that old Spaniard might arise before me. I was not very well acquainted with the locality, but I shall always believe there is a trace of the North American aborigine in my composition, or I could not have done so well; for, between you and me, diary, I am very apt to make more noise than is necessary on ordinary occasions. I had no settled idea as to where to find Blossom. She might be sleep-



ing in the hut of her captor, or might be in any of the deserted dwellings. However, I let Providence guide me, as it had done so often before. I crept from place to place, always in the shade, until I came to where I had seen her formerly. There she was now! She looked as if she had never left the spot. The moonlight streamed on her face, and the sadness impressed on it made me nervous. I thanked God then that He had sent me in her way. Some dreadful deed must have stamped her poor brow, some deed that was always crying to Heaven for vengeance. I approached her cautiously. I knew not but that she might cry aloud. Poor, soul, since then I have learned that nothing wrests a cry from the lips which are almost dumb! 'I have come for you, Blossom,' I said. She only whispered, 'Take me away!' and then, 'Lippincott!' I waited for nothing more. I took her in my arms, thankful even then that I was so strong. In an incredibly short space of time I found my canoe. I laid her in the bottom of it, and covered her up. The moon was now coming up, and I was anxious to get away from sight. I pulled off, and in course of time came to where the party waited for me.

"The perspiration was pouring down my brow when I pulled up to the shore. I had rowed as fast as ever man did before. 'What success?' Karrison asked, eagerly. 'All right,' I answered. 'Get in here quick and start off. I am about beat out.' 'And the girl?' Karrison queried. As he stepped in, I pointed to her face in the moonlight. He started back. 'I do not wonder you were so hardly struck, my boy,' he said. 'Yes,' I answered, 'I went in search of gold—I found a jewel. It's an unlucky prospector that finds nothing for his pains.' Then I warned the boatman to pull for life. 'Let us put as many miles as possible between us and the enemy.' On the following morning she awoke, and if her beauty was startling in the moonlight, it was more so under the

is beautiful enough, Heaven knows; but she is not in her right mind, and never will be. You deserve a better fate!

"I could have struck him, only he has been too good a friend. 'You are talking nonsense,' I returned, shortly. 'She has suffered some terrible wrong. If she recovers, well; if not, it is well.'"

(To be continued.)

#### REMARKABLE METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

WE give on this and another page illustrations of the remarkable meteorological phenomena observed at Crisman and other points in Colorado on the 7th instant. On the day named the weather was unusually cold, the thermometer indicating twelve degrees below zero, but so intense was the interest in the phenomena that in Denver and elsewhere men, women and children stood in the streets and watched the glorious sight, both in the afternoon and evening, seemingly forgetful of the cold and frosty air. The principal features of the afternoon's display, as described by Professor Howe, of Denver University, were a white circle parallel to the horizon, and which, passing through the sun, encircled the heavens; a colored halo of about twenty degrees radius surrounding the sun and cutting the white circle just mentioned—the parhelic circle—at two points, where brilliant "sundogs," or parhelia, were formed. There were also two other bright places in the parhelic circle, each 120 degrees distant from the sun, but these displayed no such brilliant colors as the "sundogs." The grandest display was near the zenith, where an immense line of rainbow-colored light turned its horns away from the sun. The prolongation of these horns formed a complete colored circle, some twenty degrees in diameter, in the centre of which was the zenith. This line extended one-fourth of the way around the circle, and was the broadest at the point nearest the sun, having a width of two degrees at that point. The sunward side was red and the opposite blue, shading off imperceptibly into violet. The

of the movement is shown by the fact that there are now five similar rooms in this city and vicinity.

The Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association had, in 1875, but four rooms in all the United States. To-day this department exists at 66 railroad points, nearly all having reading-rooms, libraries, etc. Twenty-one have educational classes in penmanship, the common English branches, first aid to injured, mechanical drawing, Bible study, etc.; 30 report lectures and practical talks to large audiences. Nearly all report various forms of religious meetings, song services, cottage meetings, etc.

The report of General Secretary Warburton, for the past year, read at the recent anniversary meeting, illustrates the scope of the good work accomplished by these branches. During the twelve months 55,384 persons visited the rooms at the Grand Central Depot alone, mostly men employed on passenger trains of the New York Central system. They patronized the reading, wash and dining rooms—of which we give illustrations—on a daily average of 178. Classes in short-hand, gymnastics and mechanical drawing are in operation, and the progress made is encouraging. Seventeen entertainments drew 3,649 persons during the year, while for the same period there were fifty-three religious meetings and twenty-five sessions of the Bible Class. Nearly 200 visits were made to sick members, and much substantial help was given the unfortunates.

In a few months the Association will occupy the new building at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, presented to the railroad men by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who has shown the greatest interest in the moral and material welfare of the employees of the corporations with which he is connected. A picture of this building appeared in No. 1,608 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

#### THE COAL-HANDLERS' STRIKE.

THE strike of some 3,000 coal-handlers in New Jersey, which resulted last week in an alarming and costly coal famine in New York and most of the East Atlantic and Long Island Sound ports,

is said to have had its origin in the Philadelphia and Reading Company. The new management which took control of that road a few months ago cut down wages, particularly those of the coal-handlers at Elizabethport. These handlers are divided into "top men," who work on the cars and chutes, and "trimmers," who are engaged in filling the boats, schooners and barges. The pay of the "topmen," which had been twenty-two and a half cents an hour for work which was never continuous, was reduced to twenty cents. The trimmers were compelled to pay the company as high as twenty per cent. for collecting the money they earned from the boatmen, the prices received being three cents for loading a ton of coal on open boats, and from three to seven cents a ton on schooners. Both classes of handlers joined their grievances and struck. The movement extended along the New Jersey shore, until six great companies were involved: the Philadelphia and

Reading, the Delaware and Hudson, the New Jersey Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre and the Lake Erie and Western. These six companies have in times past wholly supplied the consumers of coal in seven States, and in those States there are 18,000,000 people. All of the Sound ports—Norwalk, Stratford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, New London, Newport, Fall River, Providence, and, in fact, all of the East Atlantic ports, are now suffering either from a lack of coal or paying high prices for it. While the strike is costing the companies millions of dollars, the greatest loss falls upon the public, particularly upon the poorer people, and those whose work depends upon the supply of coal and its transportation. There are 5,000 men employed in the transportation of coal between the port of New York and ports on Long Island Sound. In the mining districts of Pennsylvania there are 70,000 coal-miners idle because there are no empty cars to be had to remove the coal already mined. There is a great army of idle men, but it would be nothing compared with the number who will be without work in a few days if the strike is kept up and the great factories are compelled to close their doors. Last week the price of coal was advanced to \$8 and \$9 per ton in New York and Brooklyn; while to the poor people who purchase it by the pail the cost cannot be less than \$20 per ton.

The strike has been conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, with the exception of the episode of violence at Weehawken, on Wednesday of last week. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company had brought a lot of German immigrants from Castle Garden to take the places of the strikers. The latter held an indignation meeting, and in the afternoon nearly 200 men gathered in Hoboken and went in a tug to the coal-docks at Weehawken. There they rushed upon the astonished men who were at work and began belaboring them with their clubs. The immigrants, several of whom were severely beaten, fled in terror, whereupon their assailants re-embarked and steamed down the river. No arrests were made. The intimidated Germans could not be induced to return to work. Some of the coal-shippers have invoked the aid of the courts, while others are inclined to effect a compromise with the Knights of Labor.

TO REMOVE kerosene from carpets lay blotters of soft brown paper over the spot and press with a warm iron. Repeat with fresh papers, and the spot will be removed.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Army Appropriation Bill, as reported to the Senate, appropriates \$23,737,718.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HEARST of California has been nominated for re-election.

It is proposed to erect an imperial institute in London in honor of the Queen's jubilee.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill for the regulation of inter-State commerce.

THE British Admiralty has determined to build a fleet of fast cruisers, the whole to be completed in ten years.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill creating the Department of Agriculture and Labor, with a Cabinet officer at its head.

A BILL has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature appropriating \$40,000 towards the erection of a Logan monument in Chicago.

It is stated that Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women. Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action.

THE reduction of the British army in Egypt has commenced. By April 3,614 men will have been withdrawn, leaving a total of 5,000 still in Egypt.

THE German Reichstag last week rejected the Array Bill, and was at once dissolved. All the political parties are sanguine as to the results of the elections.

PRIVATE dispatches report that the cholera is prevailing in Chili to such an extent that Peru has been compelled to close her ports against Chilean vessels.

THE "boodle" New York Alderman, A. J. McQuade, was last week sent to Sing Sing Prison, a stay of proceedings in his case having been refused by Judge Pratt.

THE receipts of the French Treasury for 1886 show a decrease of 32,000,000 francs as compared with the receipts of 1885, and a deficiency of 71,000,000 francs as compared with the amount estimated in the budget for 1886.

THE Socialists in the Chicago Trades Assembly have obtained complete control of the organization by the election of officers who are without exception in sympathy with the cause of the seven men under sentence of death for the Haymarket bomb-throwing.

TWENTY-SEVEN lives were lost, on the 8th inst., by the wreck of the German ship *Elizabeth*, on the Virginia shore, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry. Of those who perished, ten belonged to the life-saving service, and were lost while trying to reach the shore with the boats on which they had gathered the ship's crew.

THE freedom of the City of London was last week conferred upon Mr. Henry M. Stanley. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, and a most enthusiastic reception was accorded the explorer by a brilliant company. Mr. Stanley, after his reception at the Guildhall, was tendered a banquet at the Mansion House.

THE United States Senate has adopted a resolution calling on the President to open negotiations with the Government of Nicaragua to obtain concessions from that republic, and to enter into a convention with it for the construction of an inter-oceanic canal, either by the United States or by American citizens under the authority and protection of the Government.

THERE are some indications that Congress proposes to put a stop to Congressional funerals that include any railroad trips and big hotel bills. The House Committee on Revision of the Laws has reported a Bill to prohibit the payment of expenses for Congressional funerals outside the District of Columbia, and to limit the payment for funerals within the District to actual expenses.

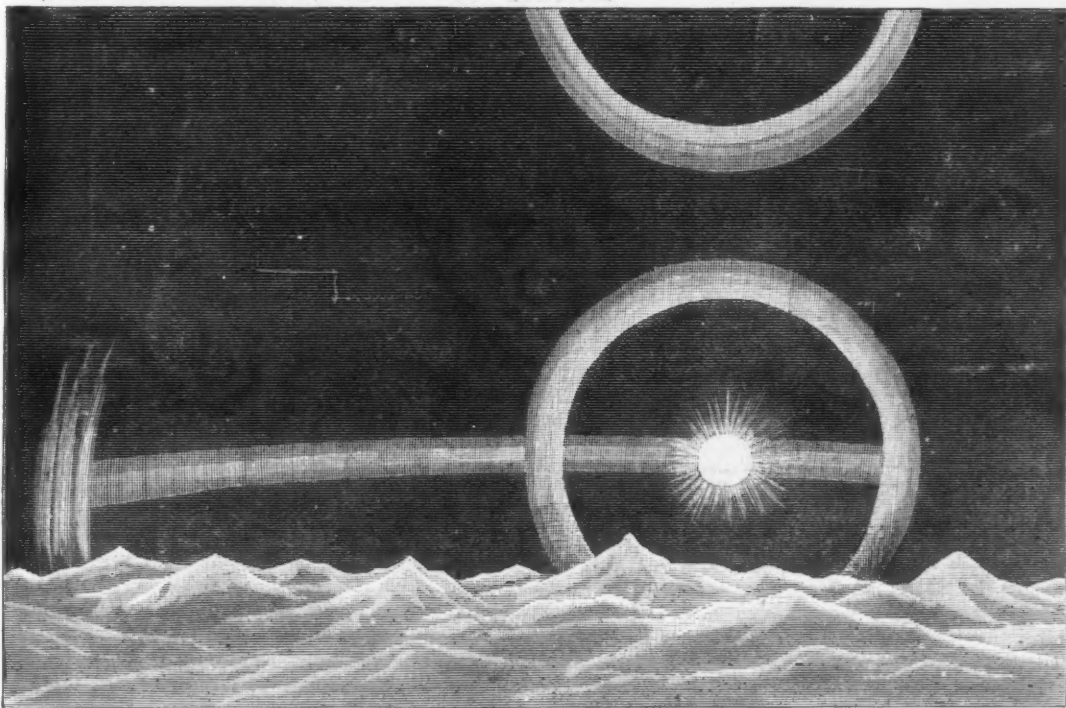
It is understood that negotiations with the Chinese Government, to which allusion was made in the President's Message, for such a modification of existing treaties as will entirely prevent the introduction of Chinese coolie labor into this country, have just been brought to a successful termination, and that in a few days an amended treaty covering this point will be submitted to the Senate for ratification.

THE New Haven (Conn.) City Court has decided that "blacklisting" is conspiracy. The judge held that a conspiracy designed to hinder any man from putting his labor upon the market, when, where, and for such compensation as he may agree for, is equally criminal with any conspiracy designed to hinder the sale of merchandise of any producer or dealer, and is more disastrous in effect than any other form of conspiracy except that to take life.

THE Faculty of Princeton College have agreed upon a plan to admit students to a share in the control of the college. Under the plan, a committee consisting of twelve undergraduates—six seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman—will be elected by the students for friendly conference with the Faculty, who, it is believed, will thus be enabled to administer the discipline of the college with greater ease and justice to all concerned.

AMONG the deaths of the past week were Elam R. Jewett, the veteran Buffalo journalist; John Williams, President of the Fulton Bank, Brooklyn; Sergeant Ballantine, the famous English barrister; John Roach, the American shipbuilder; Alice Oates, actress and singer; William Perry, who was the oldest graduate of Harvard College; Charles A. Laws, First Engineer of the United States revenue-cutter *Washington*; Thomas Powell, the well-known litterateur and journalist; Henry Brewster Stanton, one of the early anti-slavery agitators; and Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster, widely known as a temperance, woman suffrage and anti-slavery champion.

ON October 9th Henry Wagner, of Boston, sent by steamer nine carrier pigeons to London, where they were given their freedom, and the whole number started upon their long journey across the Atlantic. Up to this time the owner has received three of the birds. One of them went direct to Boston, another was captured near New York, and the third was found on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains in an exhausted condition by a man who picked it up, took it to his house, and warmed and fed it. On the wing of the pigeon was found the following: "If this bird is caught or shot, notify Henry Wagner, Boston, Mass." The finder promptly shipped the bird to the owner at this address. This is one of the longest flies on record.



WONDERFUL METEOROLOGICAL DISPLAY IN COLORADO—THE SUN SURROUNDED BY RAINBOWS.

beams of the sun. She made no sound, but looked at me curiously and sighed. We spoke to her, but she paid no attention. We gave her some breakfast, and she ate it as if that was a duty. She lay down again, and so we drifted along, always apprehensive that we were followed.

"We came to Barrancas. There our friend Don Agapito Prieto was to leave us. I thanked him, and paid him, fearful his first act would now be to go back and inform on me. From here steamers run to Ciudad Bolivar, but unfortunately there was none in port, and, as their coming was always a matter of uncertainty, I knew not what to do. To remain there would be fatal to my keeping that afflicted child. I found a small sailing-vessel, commanded by father and son, just ready to start. We took passage in her. I explained that the girl was a sister of mine, but I say that the old man did not believe me. However, he asked no questions. At one port we touched the son got drunk and did not return to the boat. We left him behind, and sailed slowly—oh! so slowly—on our way. Three days later we saw a canoe trying to approach us. I was in an agony of fear. I believed we had been tracked, and now the enemy was bearing down upon us. I begged our captain to hurry, but he only smiled. I looked at Blossom, but she heeded not the excitement. She kept her eyes ever fixed on me, and I fancied she was more satisfied, for she betrayed no restless longings. She must know she was escaping from bondage.

"The boat approached. It was the captain's son! He had chased us in a canoe as soon as he recovered from his drunken stupor. I could have embraced him, so great was my joy. We are still on the water. In a few more days we will reach Bolivar. What am I to do with her then? I have prepared a story (I hope I shall be forgiven for the lies I am inventing), that she is the sister of a friend of mine, a *mude*, that I am to take home to New York. After all, is that a lie? Am I not a friend of myself, and is she not a sister by adoption? All right, Bogardus! Karrison came to me to-day, after looking at her, and said: 'I hope, Bogardus, you will not get knifed on that girl's account before you leave the country.' She

narrow line of light which constituted the rest of the circumference of the circle was red. At half-past three o'clock this line had lost much of its brilliancy, and disappeared at forty minutes past three, the cause being the appearance of clouds that had been gathering in the west.

The display caused by the moon in the evening was somewhat similar to that of the afternoon, but differed in some of its effects. The sky had then become clearer. It was now evident that the circle which passed through the moon was very narrow near the moon, and gradually increased in width and whiteness as it receded from that luminary, being broadest and milkiest at the point directly opposite the moon, where its breadth was about 1½ degrees. About 60 degrees from this point, on each side of it, was a bunch of light on the parhelic circle. Around the moon was a large colored halo, which was very brilliant at the upper and lower sides. The interior edge of the halo was a perfect circle of reddish color, the moon being in its centre. The two brilliant "moondogs," or parhelia, were not at the points where this sharp interior edge of the halo cut the parhelic circle, but outside of the halo, at a short distance from it, and on the milkwhite parhelic circle. The inner edge of the halo was a circle and the outer an ellipse, which passed through the "moondogs," and also through the highest and lowest points of the inner edge of the halo. The minor axis of the ellipse was vertical, and equaled the diameter of the inner edge of the halo, while the major axis was horizontal, and extended from one "moondog" to the other.

#### IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF RAILWAY EMPLOYÉS.

EDITORIAL reference was made, in the last number of this paper, to the tenth anniversary of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at its headquarters in the basement of the Grand Central Depot, New York city. It was in the year 1875 that a few railway officials called a meeting to consider the project of establishing in New York a reading-room for railroad men similar to those already existing at several points in the West. Three weeks later, on November 20th, 1875, the room at the Grand Central Depot was opened, having been set apart by the railroad company, and furnished by the subscriptions of 272 railroad officers and employes in sums varying from \$10 to 20 cents. The growth





PENNSYLVANIA.—HON. MATTHEW S. QUAY, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY LEMER.

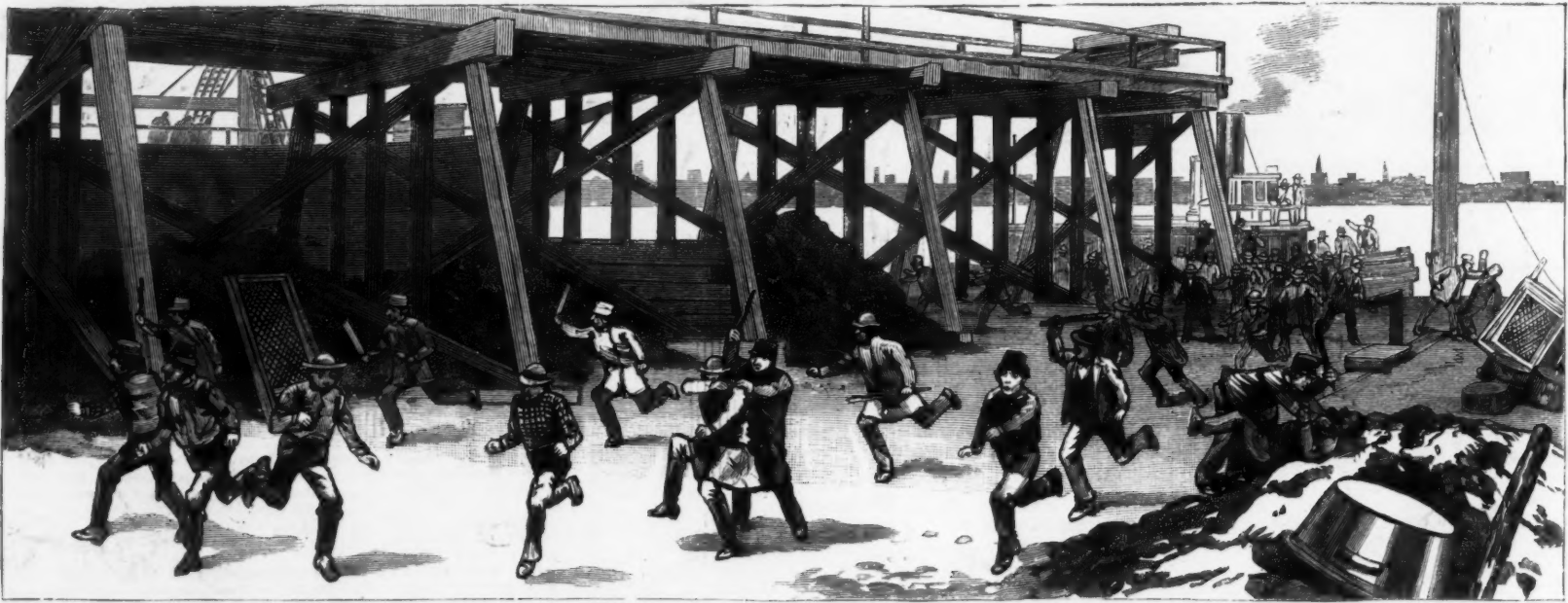
HON. M. S. QUAY,  
U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

**M**ATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, who has been elected United States Senator as successor to Hon. John H. Mitchell, was born in the little village of Dillsburg, York County, Pa., September 36th, 1833. He is descended on both sides from the good old Scotch-Irish families of the State who settled in Chester County in 1715—one hundred and seventy-one years ago. In the year 1840, Matthew's father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman, and whose ministry was favorably known throughout the denomination, removed to Western Pennsylvania, locating in Beaver, which is the family residence of the present Senator. The son, after several years of preparatory instruction, was sent to Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, where he graduated with distinction at the early age of seventeen. He immediately thereafter proceeded to Pittsburg and commenced the study of law in the office of Penney & Sterrett, the latter afterwards becoming an eminent judge in Alleghany County. Before completing his studies, however, young Quay desired to travel and see the country, and, in company with a college friend, he visited Mississippi, and sojourned in that State, Louisiana and Texas for two years, teaching school and lecturing, and acquiring much valuable information.

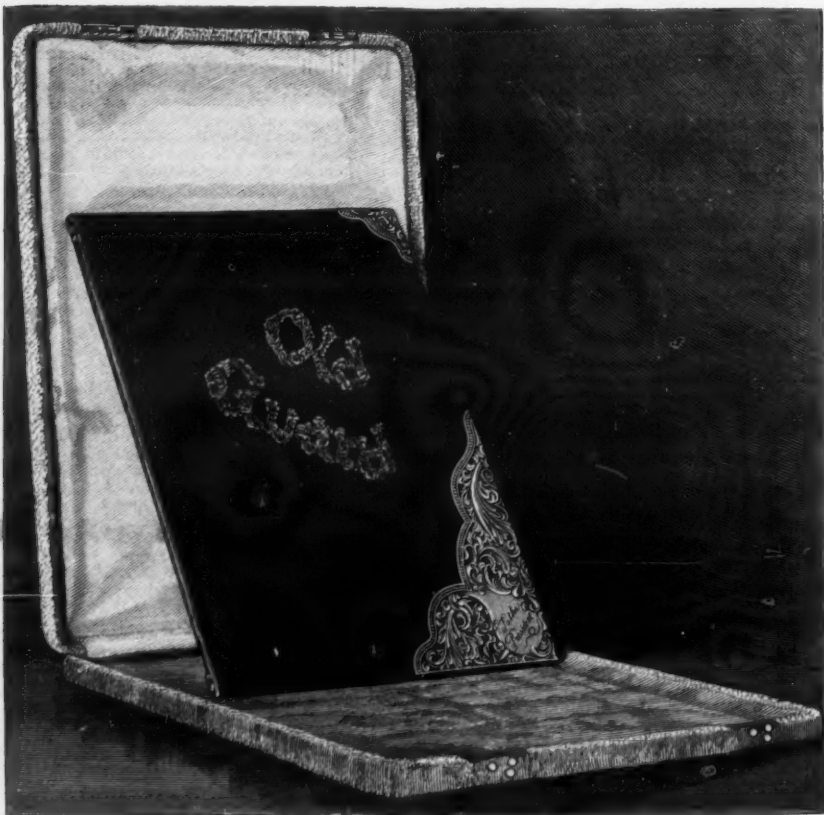
Upon his return to Beaver he resumed his legal studies with Mr. R. P. Roberts. In 1854 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the following year he was appointed Prothonotary of Beaver County; in 1856 he was elected by the popular vote, and re-elected in 1859. Moved by the same patriotic spirit which actuated his forefathers in the days which "tried men's souls," he resigned his office in 1861, and entered the Union service as a lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Reserves. While his regiment was waiting at Camp Wright for the call to the front, he was summoned to Harrisburg and made Assistant Commissary-general of the State,



MINNESOTA.—HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.  
PHOTO. BY INGERSOLL.—SEE PAGE 398.



NEW JERSEY.—THE STRIKE OF THE COAL-HANDLERS AT THE WEEHAWKEN DOCKS—STRIKERS DRIVING NEW HANDS FROM THEIR WORK.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 395.



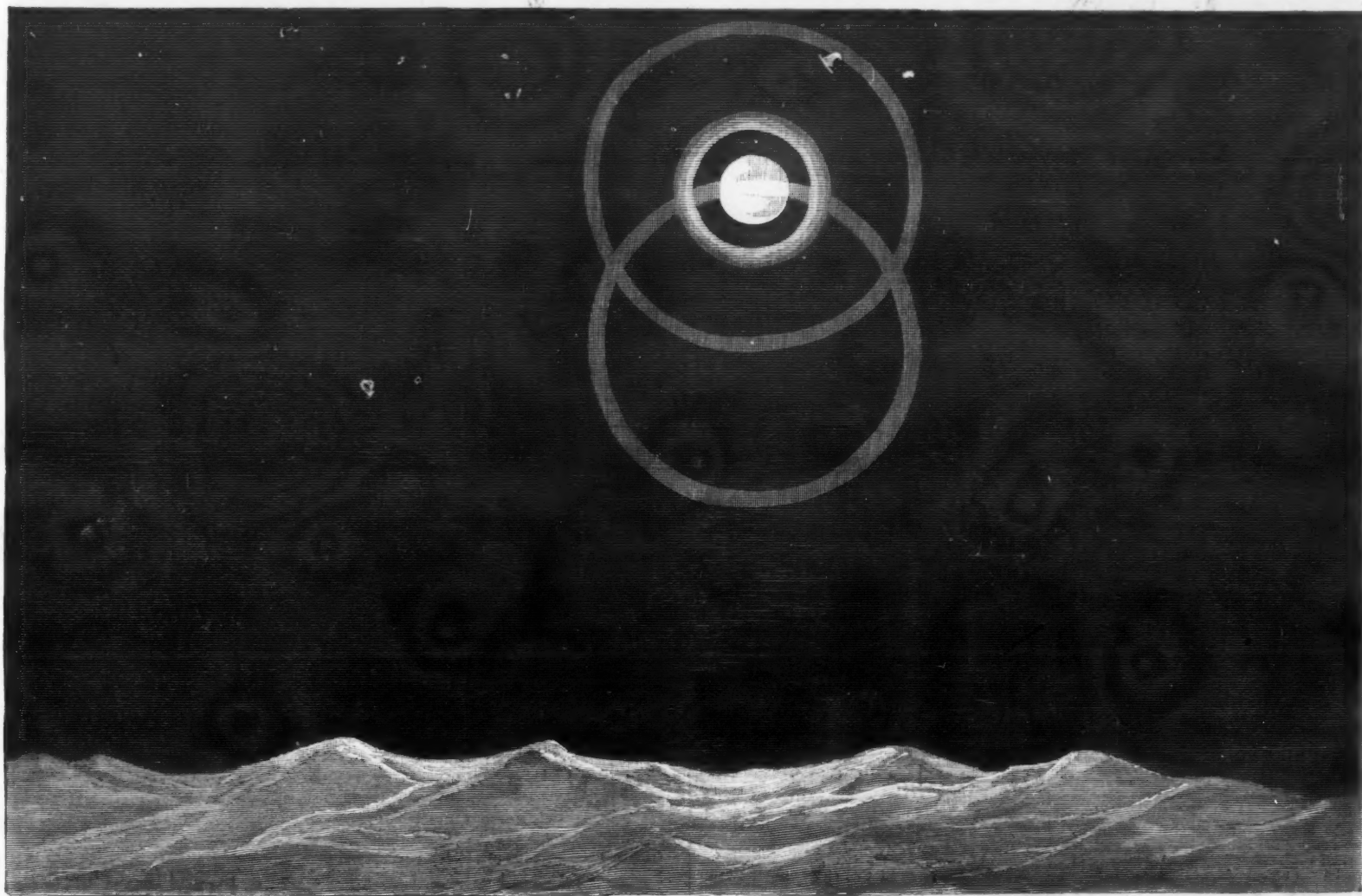
THE CASE CONTAINING THE INVITATION.



THE INVITATION PAGE.

A WORK OF ART.—FAC-SIMILE OF THE INVITATION TO THE "OLD GUARD" BALL ADDRESSED TO THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.  
SEE PAGE 396.

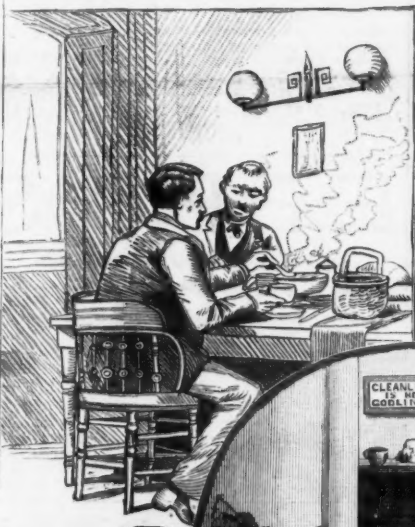




COLORADO.—REMARKABLE METEOROLOGICAL DISPLAY OBSERVED AT CRISMAN, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 7TH—THE MOON TRAVERSED AND ENCIRCLED BY LUNAR RAINBOWS. FROM A SKETCH BY S. M. DOOLITTLE.—SEE PAGE 395.



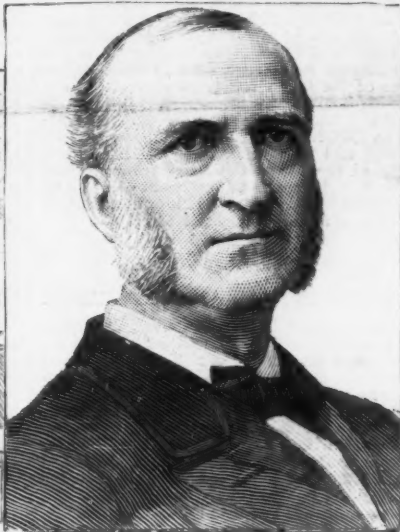
C. VANDERBILT



LUNCH ROOM



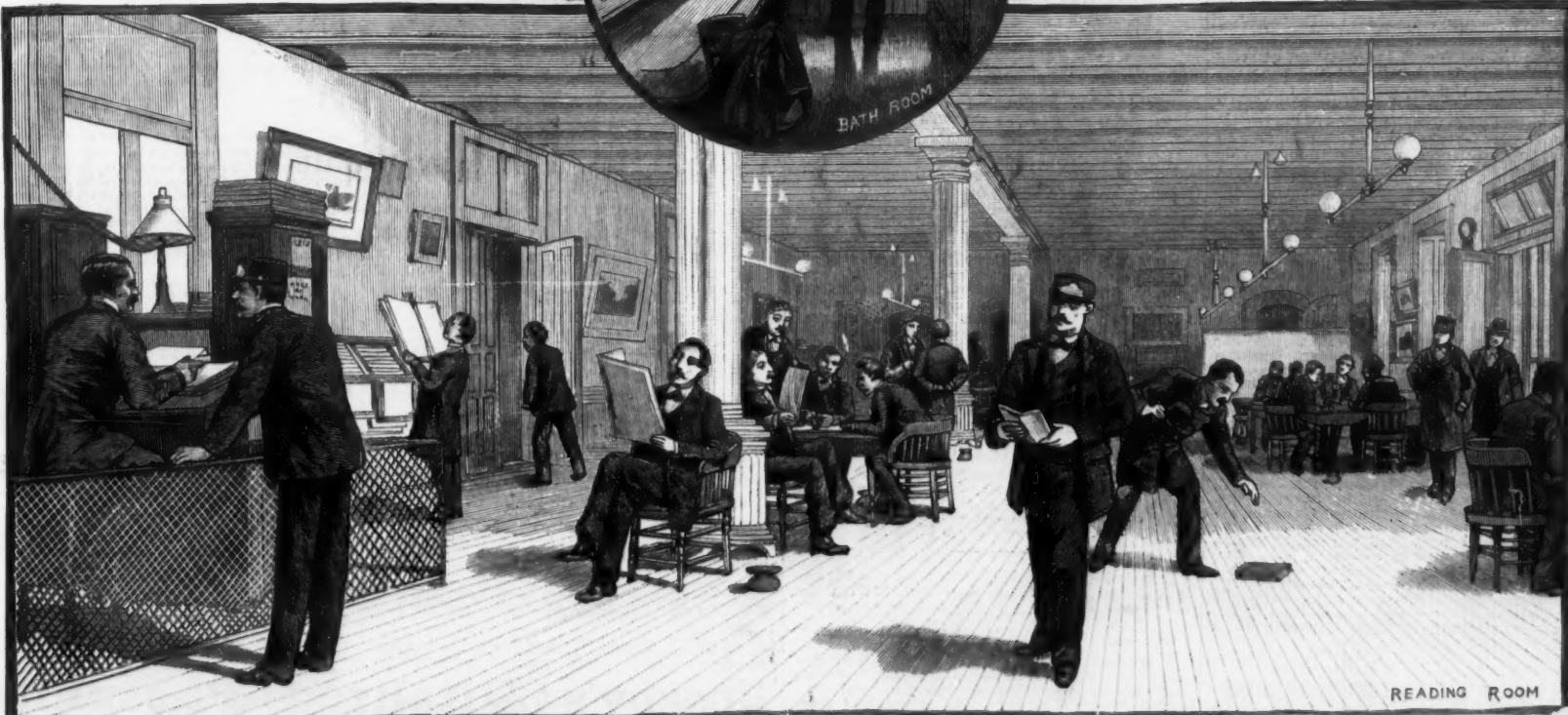
KITCHEN



C. DEPEW



BATH ROOM



READING ROOM

NEW YORK CITY.—IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF RAILWAY WORKMEN—THE READING ROOM FOR NEW YORK CENTRAL EMPLOYEES IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BUILDING. FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 395.



with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Here his capacity for organizing, his rigid and exact attention to details and energy, attracted the favorable notice of the authorities, and upon the transfer of the Commissary Department to Washington city Colonel Quay was invited to become the private secretary of the Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, the famous "War Governor" of the State. In August, 1862, Colonel Quay was elected to the command of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers—nine months men—and continued in command until selected by Governor Curtin to fill the delicate and responsible position of State Agent at Washington. His resignation was accepted, but his regiment arriving on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, he accompanied it into the engagement, and his conduct elicited "honorable mention" in general orders. The Legislature in 1863 created the office of Military Secretary, and Governor Curtin remembering Colonel Quay's invaluable services, recalled him from the field and assigned him to the newly created post, and about the same time he was appointed Superintendent of Transportation and Telegraph. He resigned these positions in 1865, to occupy a seat in the Legislature, to which he had been elected, in 1864, from Beaver and Washington Counties. In that body he was made Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; and among the many important Acts passed during the Winter of 1867, was a Bill, originated by him, releasing real estate from taxation. In 1869 Colonel Quay was appointed Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, and about the same time he issued the first number of the *Beaver* Radical, without a single subscriber, but conducted it with such ability that it soon won its way into a leading position among the journals of the State, its opinions and expressions being widely quoted. When General Hartman was inaugurated Governor, he appointed Colonel Quay Secretary of the Commonwealth. Under the administration of Governor Hoyt he occupied the same position until November, 1885, when he was elected State Treasurer, an office he now holds and fills acceptably to all parties. His nomination for the Senate by a practically unanimous vote of the Republicans of the Legislature attests most conclusively the hold he has upon the confidence of his party.

HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,

U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM MINNESOTA.

IN the selection of ex-Governor Cushman K. Davis as one of the Minnesota representatives in the United States Senate the Republicans of that State have displayed a wisdom which does them the very highest credit. He is described by those who know him as a man of brilliant parts—able, eloquent and upright—and it is not doubted that he will make his mark in the high position to which he has just been called. Mr. Davis was born in Jefferson County, N. Y., and is forty-nine years old. At the age of nineteen years he was graduated from Carroll College, and then went to the Law School at Ann Arbor, Mich., beginning the practice of the law a few years thereafter, and continuing it with such earnestness as to win both fortune and fame. Appointed United States Attorney in 1868, he filled that position, with credit to himself and the Government, until 1873, when he resigned to become the Republican nominee for Governor. He succeeds to the seat occupied by Senator McMillan, who has held high rank among the lawyers of the upper legislative chamber.

#### THE PRESIDENT AND THE OLD GUARD.

WE give on page 396 a fac-simile of the invitation to the Old Guard Ball addressed to the President and Mrs. Cleveland. The invitation is a work of art, appropriate in design, richly illuminated, the *par excellence* of invitations, and worthy of the "Old Guard," whose receptions are the society events of the metropolis. The invitation was inclosed within covers of the finest English morocco, maroon in color, and richly ornamented with solid antique silver mountings, with the words "Old Guard" in same style of ornament. The covers are lined with white watered silk, and tied within is the invitation, signed by George W. McLean, Major Commanding, and Joseph Torrey, Secretary. The invitation page is surrounded by appropriate designs, elaborately executed. At the left-hand upper corner, upon flags, guns and military equipments, is the badge of the Old Guard, the tiger's head, surrounded by a garter, with motto: "De novo juvenutem agimus." At the right of the badge are the Goddess of Peace bearing the palm, and doves with olive branches. Directly underneath the badge is the God of War, carrying the sword and torch; below that is a drum, with the gaudious of the battalion, and city coat-of-arms. At the bottom of the page are muskets crossed, and knapsacks, with: "Head-quarters, Fifth Avenue and 14th St., New York." On the second page are the names of the Invitation Committee, surrounded by rich designs. In each corner is an "Old Guardsman"; on one side are branches of ivy, on the other oak-leaves, and at the bottom is a *bi-jou* painting of an encampment. The covers and invitation were inclosed in a rich plush case. The invitation was presented to the President by a special committee detailed for that purpose.

#### ANOTHER YEAR OF THE MANHATTAN.

THE annual statement of the MANHATTAN LIFE Insurance Company, which appears in another column of this paper, reflects the general improvement in business during the past year. An increase in net assets, in the volume of insurance written, in the income, and a general strengthening of the lines in all directions, are features which will clearly appear to any one interested to make the comparison with the statement of one year ago. The patrons of the Manhattan have by such long and unshaken experience become so thoroughly accustomed to this state of affairs, that they will find little that is new or surprising in this report. Doubtless the even tenor of steady growth and unshaken integrity will amply compensate for the absence of the excitement of "brilliant" experiments or risky ventures in uncertain fields. The administration of the new President of the Manhattan, Mr. James M. McLean, is characterized by the same conservative judgment and sound policy which have made the record and position of the company so uniformly creditable to its officers and satisfactory to all its patrons.

"Did ye read the President's Message, Pat?"  
"No, I did not." "Sure, ye ought; he gives good news of Uncle Mike an' his family in old Ireland."  
"Does he, though? an' what does he say of them?"  
"Sure, he says our foreign relations are all right."  
*Chicago News.*

#### A MIDWINTER PLEASURE TOUR TO OLD POINT COMFORT.

IN order that every one may enjoy a few days of Winter holiday at Old Point Comfort, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a special pleasure tour for that point to start on Thursday, January 20th. The excursion tickets, good for ten days, and including a coupon good for one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, will be sold at \$11, and a reduced rate of \$3 per day will be granted by the management of the hotel to holders of tickets during the ten days' limit. Tourists leaving New York on the Philadelphia Express at 8 A. M. will connect with the special at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and arrive at Old Point early in the afternoon. The route is by rail to Cape Charles, thence by steamer across Chesapeake Bay to Old Point. This is a rare opportunity to visit this celebrated Winter resort.

#### FUN.

The "jumping-off place" in this country is now definitely fixed at Niagara.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Our druggist informs us that Dr. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP sells better than any other cough medicine. "Now it's all right, it's all right, darling," said Mrs. Workhard; "I have tested it thoroughly. SALVATION OIL will surely cure your pain in the back."

Fish is good brain food, but it does seem a pity, in some cases, to waste so much fish.—*St. Alban's Messenger.*

#### COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, AND IRRITATION OF THE THROAT.

Which induce coughing, are immediately relieved by the use of *Brown's Bronchial Troches*. They are indispensable to speakers and singers. Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

ALL persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions, will find immediate relief and sure cure by using *ANGOSTURA BITTERS*. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGENT & SONS.

#### FAVORED BY FORTUNE.

PEOPLE WHO INVEST SMALL AMOUNTS AND SECURE LARGE RETURNS.

SCARCELY a month passes but what the papers are called upon to record will might be termed the luck of some Californian in acquiring large sums by means of small investments. It is an old saying that "nothing risked, nothing gained," and the practical application of this time honored maxim to everyday life is a sufficient explanation of the so-called "luck" of many business men. For several years past the daily papers have periodically contained items detailing the manner in which well-known residents of this city and State have won prizes in The Louisiana State Lottery. The drawings of this admirably managed institution occur every month, and with the same regularity as the rotation of months the announcements are made of people who have risked a trifle and won large sums, frequently a fortune. The last drawing occurred on December 14th last, and, as usual, a resident of San Francisco won a tenth part of the capital prize of \$150,000. The fortunate holder of a coupon of ticket No. 93,174, which won that prize, was Nat. M. Raphael, the well-known jeweler, at 732 Market Street in this city. To a reporter the gentleman said: "I have been buying a few coupon tickets every month for the past seven or eight years. In the last drawing I held a coupon which was a tenth of the ticket No. 93,174, and on the day following the drawing, when I read in the telegraph columns of the morning *Call* that one of the numbers I held had drawn the capital prize, I was almost dazed with surprise. I could hardly convince myself that I had at last become one of the fortunate ones of whom I had so often read. However, I finally realized that I was actually entitled to the money, so I immediately went to the London and San Francisco Bank and deposited my ticket for collection. Eleven days later I received the full amount of \$15,000 in gold coin."

Another lucky man was Fred. R. Brown, a shoemaker, living on Ritz Street. To a reporter he stated that he had very frequently bought coupons in The Louisiana State Lottery, but had never won a dollar. He had almost given up in despair when he bought one-tenth of ticket No. 92,507, which drew one-tenth of the third capital prize of \$20,000. During the holiday week he had received the money, and he rejoiced that he had persisted in his efforts until success came to him.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Jan. 5.*

#### Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy



Is adapted to both sexes and all ages, and while it is a cure for Kidney and Liver Complaints, it is no less efficacious in purifying the blood, as in Scrofula and kindred diseases. Liver Complaints, Constipation and

#### Dyspepsia

Are cured by Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for ten years," said Mr. John Elting, of Hudson, N. Y. "Some one advised me to use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, which I did. I have now gained flesh, and feel better than I have in years, and have no symptoms of my old complaint." W. S. Mellus, 69 Harrison St., New York, says: "I have used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for

#### Indigestion and Dizziness,

To which I was subject at times, and know from experience that it is worthy of all that can be said of it for disorders of that kind." Conductor B. T. Trowbridge, of the Harlem R. R., says: "I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for Dyspepsia and derangement of the Liver, and can say with emphasis that it always affords prompt and complete relief. It is thorough in its effects, never producing the slightest disagreeable or sickening sensation." \$1; 6 for \$5. Prepared by

Dr. D. KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

#### CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



#### BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

#### HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR.

A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.



C. WEISS Mfr of Meerschmied Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

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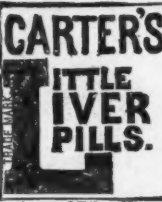
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For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

#### SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

#### THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CHARITY BALL

Will take place on

Thursday Eve'g, Jan. 20, 1887,

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Boxes may be procured between the hours of 11 and 1 by applying to

Mrs. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, No. 8 East Twenty-ninth St.

TICKETS FROM ANY OF THE MANAGERS.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### THE Amusing Adventures, AFLOAT AND ASHORE, Three American Boys.

A Volume of 312 Quarto Pages, with 300 Engravings, bound in Beautiful Illuminated Board Covers.

An interesting book for young readers is "Amusing Adventures, Afloat and Ashore, of Three American Boys," which is sufficiently characterized when we say that it is a descriptive and somewhat humorous narrative of a voyage from New York to India and back again, embracing in going and coming sundry minor voyages and trips of travel in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa.—*Mail and Express, Oct. 6th.*

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## Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

### Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure. — G. Stoveall, M.D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. — M. A. Rust, M.D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

### Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption. — S. P. Henderson, Salsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief. — Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured. — Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## NO GENTLEMAN



who has shaved with GENUINE YANKEE SOAP will ever be without it. It softens the beard, soothes the skin. Its lather is heavy and does not dry on the face. It has no equal. All Druggists keep it. Avoid imitations. Trial Sample by Mail, 12 cts. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, N. H.

**WORK FOR ALL.** \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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**OPIUM HABIT** ABSOLUTELY CURED. NOT A PARTICLE PAIN or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.

**A BIG OFFER.** To introduce them, we will Operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P. O. and express of fee at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

## DEAFNESS

Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

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Habit Cured Without Pain. Never Fails. F. W. Eldred, 987 W. Adams St., Chicago.

## Colored Magic Lantern Slides.

Colored Views illustrating all subjects. Sample by mail, 25 cts. Catalogue free. J. H. B. HALL, 407 Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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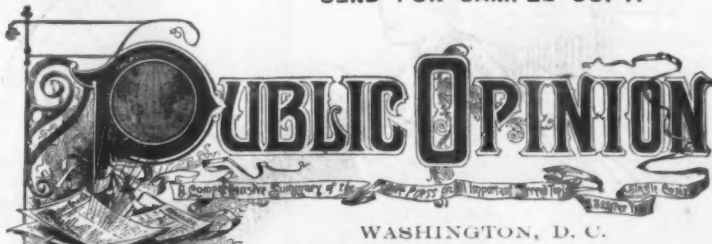
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5% IMP. AUST. 100-FL. GOVT. BOND, ISSUE OF 1860.

The next redemption of which takes place **TUESDAY, THE 1st OF FEBRUARY.**

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**TWO DRAWINGS ANNUALLY,** until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS:

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
2 a	60,000	120,000
2 a	10,000	20,000
2 a	5,000	10,000
4 a	2,000	8,000
30 a	1,000	30,000
60 a	200	12,000
4,800 a	120	576,000

Together 4,900 Premiums, amounting to 776,000 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

### FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

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Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next redemption. Balance payable in monthly installments.

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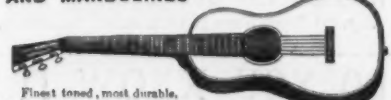
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The blade moves out or in when pressure is applied on the end opposite the blade.

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Parties who neglected to invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis real estate at the proper time and missed it, have now another opportunity in Sioux City. Those who did invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis and consequently enriched themselves, are invited to inspect the Coming City of the West. Send for circulars. Address JOHN PIERCE, Sec'y, Sioux City, Iowa.

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POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY.

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HUSBAND—"Oh, no; nothing unusual." We're merely been organizing the House!"

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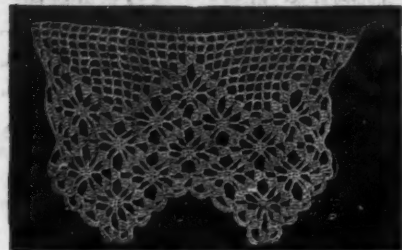
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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Fond of Crochet Work may make a beautiful Lace for Curtain, or other Trimming, from

BARBOUR'S No. 10 SHOE THREAD.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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Are at present the most popular, and preferred by leading Artists.

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ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP

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AS RECOMMENDED BY THE GREATEST ENGLISH AUTHORITY ON THE SKIN, PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., PRES. OF THE ROYAL COL. OF SURGEONS, ENGLAND, AND ALL OTHER LEADING AUTHORITIES ON THE SKIN.

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## 37th Annual Report

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OF NEW YORK.

Nos. 156 and 158 Broadway.

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President, JAMES M. McLEAN,  
First Vice-president, J. L. HALSEY,  
Second Vice-president, H. B. STOKES,  
Secretary, H. Y. WEMPLE,  
Actuary, S. N. STEBBINS.

## GROWTH OF THE COMPANY.

Net Assets, December 31, 1885.....\$10,695,438.85  
Income accounts, year 1886.....2,164,787.30  
Total.....\$12,860,226.21

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid claims by death, matured endowments, and payment of annuities.....\$801,095.89  
Paid dividends.....261,887.96  
Paid purchased policies.....164,583.29  
Paid salaries, office, agency, real estate, commissions, taxes, medical department, advertising, and other expenses.....322,601.29 1,550,168.43  
Balance.....\$11,310,057.78

## LIST OF ASSETS.

Cash on hand.....\$1,928.87  
Cash in bank and Trust Company.....194,041.84  
Bonds and mortgages.....3,456,703.15  
Loans on policies in force.....1,057,745.73  
United States and N. Y. stocks and other bonds (market value).....2,181,713.50  
Real estate at cost.....778,113.37  
Premiums deferred and in course of collection and transmission.....163,903.03  
Loans on stocks and bonds.....3,426,762.50  
Interest due and accrued, and all other property.....99,053.79  
Gross assets.....\$11,310,057.78

Reported claims awaiting proof, etc.....\$185,443.00  
Dividends unpaid and other liability.....191,747.43  
Reserve on existing policies, estimated by New York standard.....8,790,155.00 9,047,375.43  
Surplus by above standard, viz.:  
Amer. Ex. 4 1/2 per cent.....\$2,302,682.35

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J. MEANS & CO.  
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Boston, Mass.

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Physicians recommend Castoria.  
Mothers rely upon Castoria.  
Children cry for Castoria.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.



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